

Children's Newspaper, July 2, 1927

All the English-Speaking World Loves  
the C.N. Monthly—Ask for My Magazine

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## THE SONG OF THE LITTER LOUT

See  
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### CROMPTON'S DAY OF FAME

100 YEARS AFTER

**A King Comes Out of Egypt  
to Honour an Inventor**

#### COTTON 14,000 YEARS AGO

For over a century the village industries of Lancashire have given place to the huge mills and sheds of her great cotton towns; yet who knows that the day will not come when the position will be reversed?

In the youth of Samuel Crompton, whose centenary has been celebrated at Bolton, the combined population of Great and Little Bolton was under 6000; and the cotton industry was carried on by the women with their hand wheels, and the men in their loom lofts, in the hamlets and farm buildings of the countryside. Now Bolton's population approaches 200,000, and she has 120 spinning mills, one of them the largest in the world, while there are 70 great firms in her weaving trade.

#### Wind-Made Electric Power

But there are those who say that soon a movement may begin back to the countryside. Mr. David Brownlie, in an address at the centenary celebrations, pointed out that electrical power and cheap transport have rendered large factories nothing like so important as they used to be. Wind has been harnessed to the production of electricity, and the question arises, Why should not the worker's home have its own supply of wind-made electric power, driving his own spinning mule and weaving loom?

For all we know, says Mr. Brownlie, the Lancashire cotton industry of the future may be on the sandhills at Blackpool, in the houses of a garden city, and their owners may spend their holidays in the quiet country at Bolton among picturesque ivy-covered ruins of old cotton mills!

#### Egypt's Debt to Crompton

Stranger things have happened in the long, strange history of the making of clothing. In an exhibition at Bolton in connection with the Crompton Centenary were 'shown some' Egyptian fabrics declared by Sir Flinders Petrie to have been made twelve thousand years before Jesus was born!

King Fuad, who is coming to England, is to visit Bolton to pay his country's tribute to the inventor of the machine which made possible the great cotton-growing industry on which so much of Egypt's prosperity now depends. Almost every ounce of cotton grown in the Nile Valley today goes to the Bolton spinning mills, which for two days a week are producing for the home market and for the rest of the week are producing for the world.

But for Crompton we could not have bettered the fine spinning of the

### A Walk in the Fields of Kent



In the hop fields of Kent the men who tie strings between the poles for the young plants to climb do their work on stilts. This picture reminds one of the shepherds in the marshy Landes district of France, who at one time had to go about on high stilts

skilled Hindu, and so could hardly have transferred the industry from the East to the West; and it is Bolton's success in fine cotton spinning that makes the town the tremendous customer she is for the fine cotton of Egypt and the Sudan. So that Egypt owes a great debt to Crompton, and King Fuad's visit is a graceful acknowledgment of it. But it is equally clear that Bolton owes a great debt to Egypt and Egyptian cotton.

We are afraid that Samuel Crompton would have smiled rather bitterly if he could have thought of these present celebrations in his honour. When he found it impossible to patent his invention he made a present of it to his countrymen, but he was deeply resentful at the slight reward he received for all his work, though Parliament did make him a grant of £5000 (which he invested and lost in a bleaching works). He saw men all around him grow rich on his invention, but he himself died in poverty.

Perhaps we may hope that the recognition and gratitude of posterity do count for something to him in his home among the shades.

### AN OLD, OLD MAN

#### Seeing a Great Sight with Livingstone

There is an old, old man living in the Vereeniging district of the Transvaal who from his boyhood, for over thirty years, was a servant of David Livingstone.

His name is Lazarus Raikane. He does not know his age, but it is believed he must be a hundred. He was first employed by the great explorer to tend his sheep and draw water for the household at Kuruman, in Bechuanaland, but he seems to remember best the days when Livingstone was preaching, hunting elephants, and exploring.

Lazarus was with him when he first set eyes on the Victoria Falls, and the memory still thrills him. When Livingstone set out on his expedition to Gazaland he shook hands with Lazarus and promised that he would return to him, but he died before he could do so.

It was then that Lazarus took up the work of preaching which Livingstone could no longer continue. He became a Wesleyan minister, and retired only a few years ago.

### THE MAN WHO GAVE HIS LIFE AWAY

GREATER LOVE HATH  
NONE**Convicts Among the Men of  
Golden Deeds**

#### SOMETHING GOOD EVERYWHERE

*There is so much good in the worst of us,  
And so much bad in the best of us,  
That it ill becomes any one of us  
To find fault with the rest of us.*

Good was unexpectedly discovered in two bad men the other day. Under just laws such as ours no man is sent to penal servitude unless he is guilty of a serious crime, but two convicts have just proved that a man who has done wrong may not be altogether bad.

A squad of men from Peterhead Prison in Aberdeenshire was working in some quarries when one of them fell down a disused shaft. It was 50 feet deep and full of water.

Another man, who could swim, dived and tried to keep his fellow-prisoner's head above water, but their heavy boots weighed them down, and both were in danger of drowning.

#### The Boy on the Mast

Then a third man took the perilous dive, and between them the two rescuers kept the non-swimmer afloat till help came.

The two men who went to the aid of their comrade at such grave risk to themselves have something in common with a greatly respected French fisherman named Kerdreux.

This honest man went fishing off the coast near Brest with a boy of 14 named Pierre Quintric. A gale sprang up and the little boat sank, but the mast remained above water, and Quintric managed to climb it. There he found Kerdreux.

It was night, and many long hours had to pass before daylight came. Kerdreux had a rope, and, knowing that it was the only thing between himself and death, he gave that rope to the boy, bidding him lash himself to the mast.

#### The Great Sacrifice

For about an hour they were together, with great waves washing over them. Then Kerdreux got weaker and weaker, till the sea finally carried him away.

At 7.30 the next morning a boat came in sight, but the one man on board was 80, and Quintric was nearly helpless with exhaustion. As soon as he unlashed the rope he sank, and it is almost a miracle that the old, old fisherman was able to rescue him with a boat-hook!

Between honest Kerdreux and the two nameless convicts there seems a great chasm, yet they had one thing in common; they kept the second great Commandment. They would lay down their life for their friend.

Truly it ill becomes any one of us to find fault with the rest of us.



## A BLIND SPOT OF THE ARCTIC

### The Unknown Way the Ducks and Geese Know

#### STRANGE BANK OF FOG

Once again the Arctic, wrapping itself in fog, has turned a wintry eye on the explorer who attempts to pierce its secrets.

Captain George Wilkins, who hoped to discern them as he flew by aeroplane from Fairbanks in Alaska to Etah in Greenland, has had to return home baffled in his quest for the second time.

Every eye has a blind spot. The blind spot of the Arctic is a persistent bank of fog. The aeroplane cannot climb above it for it reaches too high. It dare not pass through it lest the way be lost. The ducks and geese know it. Some inborn sense of direction guides them through the blanketing mist, but the explorer cannot yet follow them.

#### Do the Birds Find Land?

Where do the flying birds go? Every spring they leave Point Barrow in their thousands, fog or no fog, and as regularly return. Do they make the journey in one flight across the waste of ice-floes and broken water, or do they find, as many have declared, a stretch of land which is the relic of an Arctic continent?

Nobody knows. Captain Wilkins has failed to answer the question, for when he set out from Fairbanks for his first halt, which was to be Point Barrow (to which the C.N. has found its way for years, though not across the Arctic but the Atlantic), the fog was setting in. At Point Barrow fuel and supplies awaited the aeroplane, and the birds had left weeks before Captain Wilkins set out at the beginning of June. They travelled light. The aeroplane could not follow at all, and the expedition has now been abandoned for another year.

## IS LORD BYNG A VISCOUNT?

### Who Will Pay for the Title?

#### COSTS AND HONOURS

We used to hear a good deal about titles given as a reward for subscriptions to the funds of the political party in office, which people called buying a peerage. What is not realised, however, is that even honours conferred for honourable reasons have to be paid for by the man receiving them.

Lord Byng is reported to have refused to pay for his viscounty, and everyone is wondering what the payment is for. The fact is that there is a fixed scale of charges for registering and gazetting a peerage, rising from £330 for a barony to £730. Now and then there is trouble about it, as in the case of Lord Byng.

When he was made a baron the Treasury paid the charges for him, as it did for the other soldiers, and as it sometimes does for statesmen. Since then Lord Byng has been Governor-General of Canada, and on his return last autumn the King declared that he would make him a viscount. Everyone thought that made him one, but it did not. There was still required a fee of £430, and the fee was not forthcoming.

When the newspapers asked him what had happened all Lord Byng would say was that the delay had nothing to do with him, that it was not troubling him, and that the subject of his title did not interest him.

Most people will think that if honours are to be honours they should not have to be paid for. But is Lord Byng a viscount or not?

#### Pronunciations in This Paper

Albuquerque . . . Al-boo-ker-ke  
Bloemfontein . . . Bloom-fon-tine  
Taal . . . Tah-ahl

## THE LOST VILLAGE

### Disappearance from the Countryside

#### SMALL FARMS GOING

There is a village near Marlborough which has completely disappeared within the last few years.

There has been no earthquake, there are no volcanoes in the neighbourhood, and the sea, with its erosive power, is miles away. Yet the village is gone!

A few years ago two good farmhouses, a chapel, a school, and 14 cottages composed the village of Snape, standing on the hillside where the lowlands rise to meet the rolling downs. But the farms have been bought up, with hundreds like them, and thrown together to be worked from a centre miles away. So the people have had to go, and the buildings, emptied, have fallen to decay till scarcely a trace of them remains.

Sir William Beach Thomas says that again and again, especially in Berkshire and Wiltshire, 40 or 50 farms have been rolled into one of perhaps 20,000 acres, hedges have been swept away, buildings have been demolished or left to fall down, and the huge expanses either put under wheat or other grain on the prairie scale, or turned into grazing land.

### The Song of the Sun

Thousands of years ago, long before the days of Babylon, before Moses and Joseph and Abraham, before Noah made his Ark to save his household from the Flood, some poet in old Egypt wrote this hymn to the Sun, of which everybody has been talking for weeks:

**H**OMAGE to thee at thy beautiful rising! Thou risest, thou shinest at the dawn. Thou sailest over the heights of Heaven and thy heart is glad.

When thou risest men and women live. Thou renewest thy youth and settest thyself in the place where thou wast yesterday. O Divine Youth, I cannot comprehend thee! Thou art the lord of Heaven and Earth, and didst create beings celestial and terrestrial. Thou art he who camest into being in the beginning of time. Thou didst create Earth and men.

O Thou Divine Youth, thou heir of everlastingness, thou mighty one of myriad forms and aspects, lord of eternity, everlasting ruler, the company of the gods rejoice in thee.

Thou art unknowable, and no tongue can describe thee; thou art alone. Millions of years have passed over the world; I cannot tell the number through which thou hast passed. Thou journeyest through vast spaces in a little moment of time; thou settest and makest an end of the hours.

### AN ECLIPSE APOLOGY

The Editor greatly regrets the unhappy slip of our Scientific Correspondent in writing of "the coming of the Earth's Shadow on the Sun's bright disc."

There is nothing to be said for such an obvious slip except that the people who make the C.N. are human, and the Editor craves the sympathy of all who are marching with him to the day when we shall be divine.

## WIRELESS BY THE THOUSAND

### The Kilocycle

#### GETTING RID OF THE DECIMAL

Wireless waves are still what they were, but for the convenience of a world in which soon all will be listeners-in they are in future to be estimated in a different way.

The broadcasting stations will no longer mention the length of the waves, but will state, instead, the number of waves that flash by in a second.

Think of a skipping-rope which is held, not quite taut, by two girls. One of them, by giving her end of the rope a jerk, can send a wave along to her companion. If she begins to jerk the rope up and down rapidly she can send along a succession of smaller waves till the rope looks like a wavy line.

#### No More Wave-Lengths

Now imagine the rope to be 186,000 miles long. A wave of the rope would take a long time to cross it. But if it were a wave of wireless it would cross the space of 186,000 miles in one second. If the sender at one end were jerking the wireless rope very fast he would get more waves, and smaller ones, into the second than if he jerked it slowly.

Till lately the British Broadcasting Stations stated the length of the waves they were jerking across space—Davertry 1604.3 metres length, London 361.4, Cardiff 353, and so on. This was a matter of custom, and was rather cumbersome because the length sometimes had a decimal figure added, and that occurred in 14 out of the 21 stations of the B.B.C.

#### Following Geneva

Now, following the International system advocated at Geneva, the stations will say how many waves go to the second, or, in a single word, what is the frequency of the wave. That of Daventry, for example, is 187,000 frequencies. To simplify things further this is counted in thousands of frequencies, or cycles, so that Daventry is measured as 187 thousands of cycles, or 187 kilocycles, the kilocycle being equal to 1000 cycles.

In the new numbering, from which all decimal figures vanish, Daventry is 187 kilocycles, London 830, Cardiff 850, Liverpool 1010, Bradford 1190, and so on.

In England even conservative householders will not complain, for they are still wondering why their gas bills should be reckoned in therms instead of cubic feet, and they are getting used to such seeming complications.

## THE MAN OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

### Why Major Putnam Went Home

The venerable Major George Haven Putnam has been recalled to America from his yearly visit to London for a curious and interesting reason.

The people of Irvington, in New Jersey, changed the name of their town from Camptown in honour of Washington Irving while the famous writer was still alive, and they named a spot within their borders Sleepy Hollow after Irving's own Sleepy Hollow at Tarrytown, on the banks of the Hudson River. Now they have erected a memorial to him in their Sleepy Hollow.

They wanted this memorial unveiled by somebody who knew the writer, and as he died 68 years ago it was not easy to find a friend still left. But Major Putnam was born in 1844, and was 15 years old before Irving died, and he knew him well, so the call has come to him, and he has set business and pleasure aside to respond to it.

Washington Irving lies buried in that Sleepy Hollow whose legend he immortalised, and which, with its old church, its manor house, and its mill, embodies the very spirit of the old Dutch civilisation in the New World.

## BRAVE PERFORMANCE OF A PARROT

### How Old Bill Kept His Hundredth Birthday

#### A ZOO CENTENARIAN'S SURPRISE

In the excitement of the week at the Zoo when the alligators and pythons were being removed to the new Reptile House, Old Bill, the Zoo's ancient parrot, laid an egg.

Opinions were divided as to whether this was a part of the feminist movement or merely Old Bill's way of signifying that at the age of 100 years there was life in the old bird yet.

Old Bill was quite willing to talk, and always has been. In fact, the rather bewildering name of Old Bill was bestowed on the bird by itself when, already an octogenarian, it entered the Zoo twenty years ago, and it has puzzled many people to find that, instead of being a gay old bachelor, Old Bill was a respectable married parrot.

#### Talking Long Ago

As far as anyone could gather, the old lady (as we now must call her) attributes her great age and remarkable performance to the fact that she has never drunk anything but water, prefers a vegetarian diet, and does not indulge in too many baths. Above all, not too many baths!

It is not expected that anything will come of the egg. If it did what a wealth of wisdom the parrot chick would inherit! Toward the end of the century it would be able to tell its grandchildren that its own maternal grandmother remembered George the Third and the first trains, and that this same grandmother was busy talking long before the telephone began.

## AN ISLAND CALAMITY

### What a Tidal Wave Did

A tidal wave 40 feet high was the climax of a terrible storm which has laid in ruins a large part of Ancud, the principal town of the island and province of Chiloé, in Chile.

Piers and warehouses on the sea front had already been wrecked when the tidal wave swept through the town and destroyed a hundred houses, as well as the barracks and the post office. The loss of life was happily small, but 140 families are homeless.

## THINGS SAID

Work happily and live long.

*Prince of Wales*

You cannot isolate millions of people.

*Mr. J. H. Thomas*

Household sewing is becoming a lost art.

*Mr. W. P. Stewart*

What we all want is a little more religion.

*Chaliapin*

We have come to the end of the White Man's world dominance.

*Upton Close*

You cannot be in a bad temper when you are singing. *A lady to Sir Henry Hadow*

Mr. Winston Churchill paints pictures, and he may be one of the Old Masters of the future.

*Lord Lee*

I have met young men who were positively senile at twenty-five.

*Bishop of Swansea*

South Africa is a land of promise for those who can work and laugh.

*The Chief Scout*

No man should support war unless he is ready to face a bayonet charge.

*Rev. P. Carden*

The man who knows Shakespeare will handle men better than he who knows only his mathematics. *Bishop of Hereford*



## 2000 ISLANDS TROUBLING U.S.A. PHILIPPINE PROBLEMS

Pacific Home of Strange  
Contrasts and Contradictions

### A LOOK-BACK TO MAGELLAN

The United States are experiencing some of the troubles that come to all colonising Powers. Rebellious movements on the part of Philippine peoples disturb the peace of the lovely archipelago for which the States, after beating Spain in a war 29 years ago, paid £4,000,000 to become the overlords of Magellan's discovery and his tomb.

The Philippines, 2000 islands in the Pacific, are the seat of contrasts almost unequalled, historically, physically, and spiritually. The people comprise pagans, Mohammedans, and Roman Catholics; and one of the leaders of the disturbance is a petty queen who, educated at an American university, has been beaten in her revolt and had to fly like a harried animal into the primeval jungle before surrendering to the authorities.

### How the Islands Were Named

Magellan discovered these islands in 1521 and called them the St. Lazarus Islands. The Portuguese called them the Eastern Islands, the Spaniards named them the Western Islands, for the Spaniards reached them by sailing round the world westward, the Portuguese by sailing round the world eastward. In 1542 they were named the Philippines, after Philip the Second of Spain.

Forty-four years after the advent of Magellan Spanish missionaries arriving in the Philippines found the figure of a woman and a child which the natives were using as an idol; it proved to be the Madonna and Child, which Magellan had persuaded the Queen of Sebu and her Court to worship!

### A Wonderful Chapter.

The scriptural aspect of Spanish conquests was always emphasised, and a Spanish author of the 18th century wrote what was considered satisfactory proof that the wonderful 18th chapter of Isaiah is a direct prophecy of Spain's acquisition of the Philippines. Perhaps the identification of the islands with the scene described in the Bible was encouraged by the extraordinary range of animal life there: buffaloes, man-like apes, deer, antelopes, porcupines, civets, snakes, crocodiles, and so forth. But there were natural wonders more strange and terrifying: volcanoes in eruption.

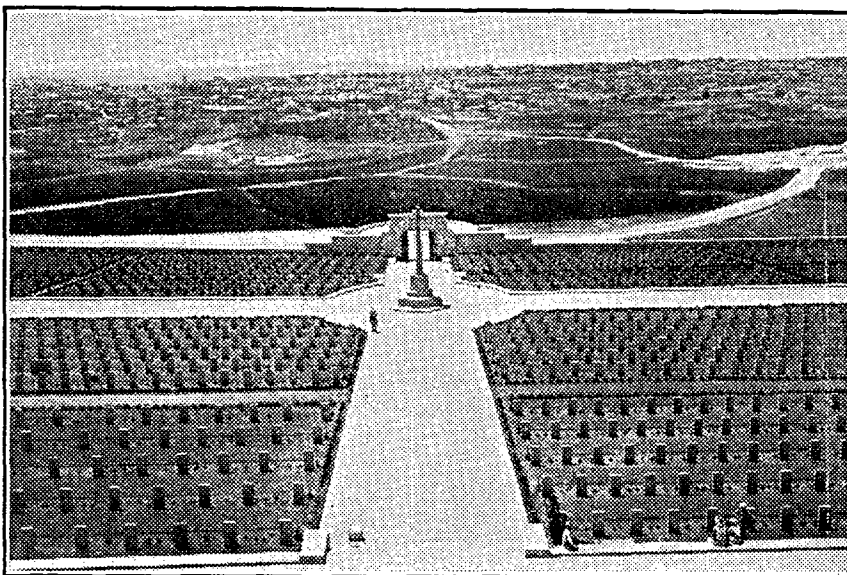
These the early Spanish missionaries regarded as demons and evil spirits which were to be scolded into silence and prayed into subjection. There is a strange account of how one of these credulous old friars went humbly but heroically about the task of quelling the volcano which was destroying life and property at Taal.

### When Peace Was Restored

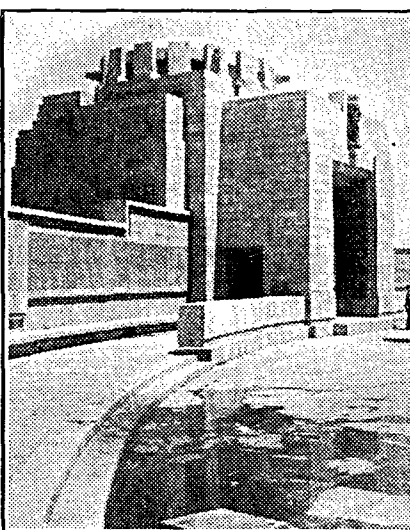
Father Albuquerque (that was his name) said Mass and led a procession up the volcano's side. Horrible sounds were heard from the mountain, accompanied by groaning voices and sad lamentations; two craters opened out, one with sulphur in it and the other with boiling green water. When peace was restored after a second Mass it was firmly believed that the brave old father had exorcised the demons and subdued them to impotence.

Many of the ancient Philippine beliefs are as unchanged as the unsleeping fury of the volcanoes, and the Americans are finding that the fierce spirit of the natives who slew Magellan is like their live mountains, still apt to erupt.

## ENGLISH MEMORIALS IN PALESTINE



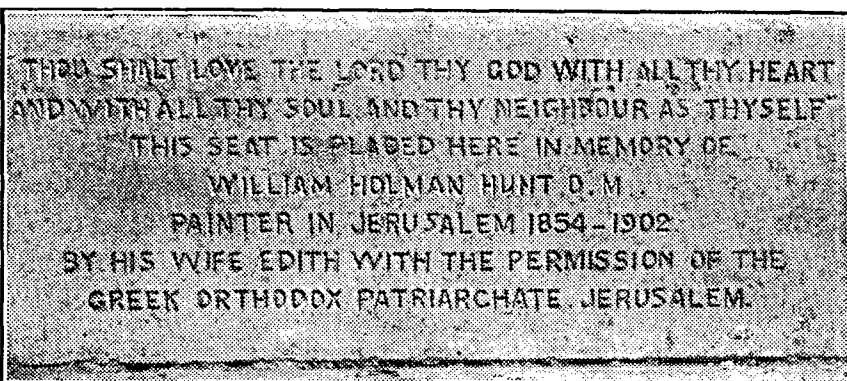
The British War Cemetery Looking Toward Jerusalem



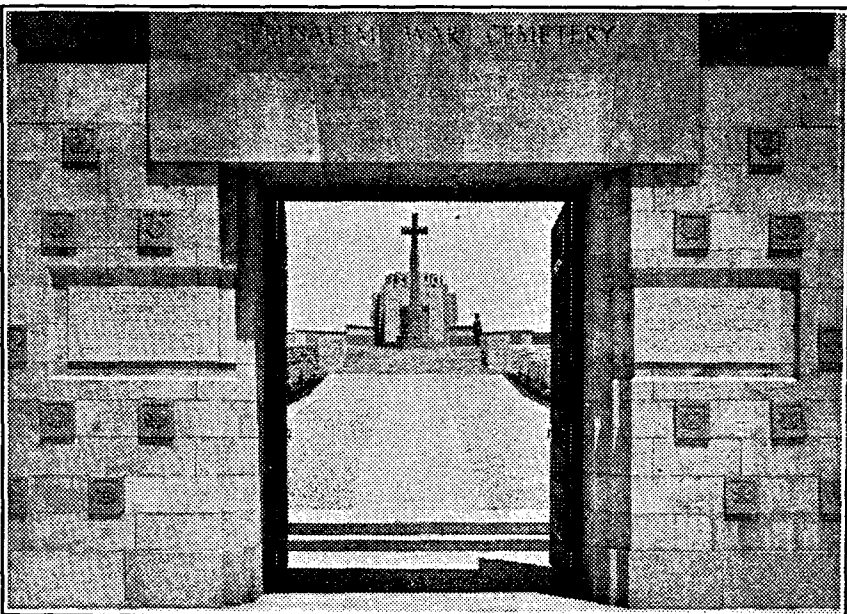
The Memorial Chapel in the War Cemetery



The Stone Seat Memorial to Holman Hunt



The Inscription on the Holman Hunt Memorial Seat



The Entrance to the British War Cemetery at Jerusalem

These interesting pictures show the British War Cemetery at Jerusalem, which has just been opened as a memorial to the British soldiers who fell in the Great War, and with them we give a picture of the stone seat between Jerusalem and Bethlehem which stands as a memorial to Holman Hunt, the painter of *The Light of the World*. This was erected by his wife

## 90 YEARS YOUNG MR. HALLEY STEWART'S LECTURE TRUST

Helping on the Christian Ideal  
in the Years to Come

### A GOOD THING BEGINNING

SCIENCE AND HUMAN PROGRESS. By Sir Oliver Lodge. Halley Stewart Lectures, 1926. Allen and Unwin. 4s. 6d.

The six brilliant lectures delivered not long ago as the first fruits of the Halley Stewart Trust are now published in a fitting form.

No more stimulating thinker than Sir Oliver Lodge could have been chosen to inaugurate the noble Trust planned and endowed by Mr. Halley Stewart. Sir Oliver is not only a thinker but a most lucid and delightful expositor, and he has the personal magnetism that accompanies an unshrinking faith. Every thoughtful reader will welcome this heartening survey of modern science and its influence on human progress.

### An Idealist in Politics

The book will be remembered because of the circumstances in which it is given to the world as well as for its high merits. It begins the work, that will be long continued under a Trust of almost unlimited promise.

All who knew Mr. Halley Stewart in the days of his political activity felt him to be an idealist through and through; we remember well the day when he burst upon the horizon of our politics. At the same time he was a highly successful man of business. As his life passed much beyond life's usual span (he is now in his ninetieth year, with his eye not dimmer, and his mental vigour not abated) he busied himself with thinking out some way by which his ideals could be long promoted. The result of his reflections is seen in the summary of his Trust which forms a preface to this book.

### The World's Changing Needs

He knew that the endowment of specific objects often becomes outdated. What seemed good becomes less good. Other times need other remedies. His thoughts dwelled on things that will last, and on plans that will remain adaptable to changing needs. So he has founded a Trust, handsomely endowed, to promote research toward the Christian ideal in all social life. Broadly the aim is "to express the mind of Christ in the realisation of the Kingdom of God upon Earth in a national and a world-wide brotherhood."

But who is to interpret how this may be done? Mr. Stewart has outlined a number of examples which express his spirit, and has appointed trustees who know and appreciate his purposes. As they pass away the remaining trustees will appoint successors of a similar spirit, so that there will be a continuity of sympathy with his aims controlling the Trust and preventing it from becoming stereotyped and hopelessly out of touch with the vital needs of future generations.

In short, the Halley Stewart Trust embodies the salient characteristics of its founder; it unites ideals and faith with business shrewdness and flexible method, and it keeps a precious financial endowment intensely human.

## THE ROCK OF NOTTINGHAM CASTLE

Nottingham people have lately been alarmed by portions of the famous castle rock becoming dislodged and hurtling down the sides, and it is feared that large parts of the rock are crumbling. A boulder a yard thick crashed through the roof of an inn not long ago.



## TREASURE TROVE

### The Silver Brick and the Golden Mattress

#### THE OLD LADY'S HOARD

Somewhere in Wales the other day a brick wall was coming down, and it may have seemed an unromantic business to the man with the pick who was at work on it. But suddenly the pick chipped out a brick which fell in halves that might have come out of a fairy tale, for in one of them was a purse containing six shillings and sixpence!

A real fairy would have done better than that for the hero. Six-and-six as a reward does not go far now. But the mystery in the story is how the purse came there.

#### The Golden Mattress

Bricklayers are too methodical to deposit purses in bricks in a fit of absence of mind. It must somehow have fallen into the clay out of which the bricks were made, and somewhere in Wales, no doubt, someone has been wondering for years what happened to a purse.

A tale of treasure trove almost as puzzling as this comes from Chester, where the bed of a canal was laid bare while a lock was being repaired. A boy paddling about in the mud found a gold sovereign. He took it home, and the news spread till a number of neighbours sought this Tom Tiddler's Ground with scoops. Some found as much as £20.

It was afterwards remembered that a mattress belonging to an old woman who died near by had been flung into the canal after her death. She had hoarded her money in it!

## THE SLAUGHTER-HOUSE OF ST. RAPHAEL

### A Good Name Going

At the gate of the glorious Riviera, nestling in its own little bay, is the lovely little town of St. Raphael, the delight of many a quiet-loving tourist.

Close to St. Raphael is the little village of Fréjus, with an old Roman arena, and here thousands of English people have loved to spend their holiday hours and days. Now all that is passing, for Fréjus is ceasing to be a pleasant place and is becoming a slaughter-house.

Twelve thousand people assembled there the other day to see the butchery of four bulls, and order was kept among these thousands by black troops from France's African colonies. We fear their impression of the civilisation of the white race is not a very high one, and France has some responsibility to Europe in the matter.

The townsfolk of Fréjus and St. Raphael must make their choice. If this sort of thing continues the people who went there for beauty and quiet will go elsewhere, and the townsfolk will not have lost their good name only but their money too.

## THE LAMP GOES OUT

### Dr. Zingher's Work is Done

The children of America have lost one of their greatest friends. Many hundreds of boys and girls would not be alive today if it had not been for Dr. Abraham Zingher's work in fighting diphtheria with toxin and anti-toxin.

By his death Dr. Zingher is added to the long roll of those who have died at their work, the martyrs of science. He was working on the scarlet fever serum in the laboratory of a hospital for contagious diseases in New York, and apparently the light of his Bunsen burner blew out. After he had been missed someone went to the laboratory and found the great doctor lying there asphyxiated.

It is tragic that an accident should have cut short a life so nobly given to the conquest of disease.

## OUT OF THE DEPTHS

### A Ship of the War Seen Again

#### BATTLE CRUISER UPSIDE DOWN

A battle cruiser lying on the sea bottom 70 feet below the surface, and weighing 23,000 tons, has been made to float, almost of its own accord, but upside down!

This was at Scapa Flow, where the German Fleet was scuttled by its crews when Germany sued for peace. In the past two years 25 destroyers, of a thousand tons each, have been raised and beached, but the battle cruiser Moltke was a very much bigger task. Two halves of a floating dock were stationed on either side of the sunken hull, and from these nine-inch hawsers were passed under the vessel. Divers carefully patched it up to make it water-tight once more, and then air was pumped into it.

#### Boatmen's Startling Adventure

Two boats above were registering pressures in the hull, but the bulk of the workers had gone away to their midday meal when the great hawsers began to slacken, and suddenly up the great ship came, stern first, and the two boats were seen dangling vertically by their mooring ropes, with their occupants hanging to the seats by their hands! Above them were the rudders and propellers, 30 feet above the sea.

Gradually, as the air pumps continued their work, the bows rose up and the stern came down till the monster lay level, but her keel was uppermost, for the simple reason that that was the position in which she had lain these more than eight years past. The Moltke is the largest vessel that has ever been salvaged this way.

## ANOTHER BRIDGE OF PEACE

### The Greatheart Order of World Friendship

A correspondent who was interested in our account of the new Peace Bridge between Canada and the United States writes to tell us of another peace bridge the children of Scotland are building, not only from one country to another but all over the world.

This is the Greatheart Order of World Friendship, conducted by the monthly magazine Greatheart, belonging to the two Presbyterian Churches of Scotland. The members of the Order are pledged to show friendship to foreigners, to find out all they can about other countries and peoples, and to take an interest in the League of Nations. Many of its members, our correspondent tells us, find the C.N. a great help in their work.

Already the Order has a membership of over 10,000 in 30 countries.

## THE WEAVER'S WATER WHEEL

### A Good Running Record

A good C.N. reader who was interested in our article on Changing England sends us an account of a curious Lancashire survival.

At Hoghton, an ancient village between Preston and Blackburn, is a cotton-weaving shed run by water-power. Its 50-ton water wheel runs 300 looms, tended by 30 weavers.

When all other weaving sheds were compelled to close down through the coal stoppage this one continued on full time, and it has worked practically all through the terrible depression in the cotton trade.

The one thing feared by employers and workers is a drought, for that would stop the water supply and with it the great water wheel.

## THE EMIGRATING BEES

### And the Motoring Hen

#### EXTENSION OF THE SPIRIT OF TRAVEL

It is not only Man who wants to travel and see the world. The other day a Chelmsford fruiterer was embarrassed by the travel-longing of a queen bee.

She invaded his shop followed by her swarm, like a Cook's guide conducting a party of tourists over Westminster Abbey. But there was a supreme difference, for the tourists go forth to other sights when they have satisfied their curiosity, while the bees chose to remain. They settled on a bunch of bananas, and their excited buzzing seemed to say: "Well, I am glad we left home for this lovely place. I don't know whether it's the Tropics or the Riviera, but I don't care. They have ripe fruit in June."

The shop had to be shut, and the frantic owner sent in search of a bee-keeper, who managed to capture the swarm and carry it off after about an hour.

Equally embarrassed was a motorist who arrived in Glasgow and found a hen sitting on the spare wheel of his car. He had no idea where his passenger had got on board, and he could not retrace his route asking everywhere if anyone had missed a fowl, so he took her to the police station.

There, day by day, this conscientious hen, laid an egg. She is a Scottish hen, too proud and self-respecting to take charity, and so she pays for her keep.

## THE SERIOUS HUMORIST

### Jerome K. Jerome Passes On

A man of very earnest mind who made his name as a humorist has just died at 68. He was Jerome Klapka Jerome.

The book he will be remembered by is his gay story of a camping holiday on the Thames, *Three Men in a Boat*; but his ambition was to improve the world and not merely to amuse it. Even the river holiday was intended as a beginning to the writing of a history of the Thames, but his publishers said the public did not want the history, though they did want the story. He found, like Gilbert's jester in *The Yeoman of the Guard*, that a man who had once started as a purveyor of jokes was expected to continue jocular ever after.

But with his play *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* the humorist did win serious attention. Who did not like that very moving tale of how the coming of a Christlike character as an inmate of a wretched London boarding-house brought out the good in the most unlikely people by the power of kindness and faith?

Jerome had a hard time as a child, for his father, through business misfortunes, had to move to the East End of London, and the boy had to earn his own living at 14. He did well. He made millions laugh and many thousands think.

## A MECHANICAL NAVVY

### Speeding Up 100 Times

Something which speeds up the work of a navvy a hundred times has just been made, a noisy machine which we are destined to see a great deal on the roads and in rebuilding operations.

It is a wonderful little motor pickaxe driven by a tiny petrol engine, and so compact that a navvy can hold it in both hands and deliver 1200 powerful blows of the pick in the time that by hand he can give ten blows. It is a masterpiece of modern engineering, which can be in a moment provided with a spike, a pick, a pickaxe, or a spade, and, working with the increased speed of 1200 blows a minute, turns the navvy into a sort of magician, who can break up roads or clear away stonework with almost uncanny rapidity.

## LAST SHOT OF THE GREAT WAR

### Where It Was Fired

#### HOW THE BRITISH EMPIRE TURNED THE SCALE

*Retaken by the Canadian Army on November 11, 1918, the City of Mons regained its liberty after 50 months of German occupation. Here the last shot of the Great War was fired.*

That is the inscription in French on the tablet in the porch of the Town Hall of Mons presented to the citizens by Canada.

At the unveiling the other day the Burgomaster recalled how at Mons, in that terrible August of 1914 the Old Contemptibles held up the enemy while the French were preparing the victory of the Marne. What an infinity of desperate valour, of precious human life thrown away, between that opening battle and the final shot!

#### No Mean Tribute

It has often been asked, Who won the war? and it must be left for History to say; but we have been impressed by a speech of Lord Haig the other day.

For the last 18 months of the struggle, said Lord Haig, the British armies in France and the armies of the Empire carried on their shoulders, and carried on to victory, the main burden of the war. If America had not come in we might not have forced the enemy to surrender in 1918, for without the American reserves we dared not have thrown the whole forces of the Empire into France and Flanders, as we did, keeping back no reserves. But we should have won all the same.

In the course of the greatest war in history (said Lord Haig) the British people mobilised, equipped, and trained and put into the field the finest fighting force the world has ever seen. It is no mean tribute for a non-military people, and it is true and worth remembering.

## CITY RATS

### The Blacks and Browns

#### WHY THE BLACKS ARE GAINING GROUND

The City Medical Officer has been reporting on the progress of the unending war against the rat in the square mile of the City of London.

Its numbers, he says, are being kept down, but the old English black rat now outnumbers the immigrant brown rat by at least three to one.

This is due to two causes, the attention paid to the sewers, where the brown rat, often called the sewer rat, flourished most, and the climbing powers of the black rat. Electric cables and other present-day overhead travelling facilities give it its chance. An open window or skylight, or even a chimney, give it entrance, and once inside, shelter for nesting and breeding is easily found.

Still, even here, things have certainly improved. A generation ago many a city man was unable to use his office till the rats had been cleared out each morning. The great teashop owners, hotels, and business houses have contracts with rat-catchers, and one rat-catching firm alone accounted for 26,000 rats last year.

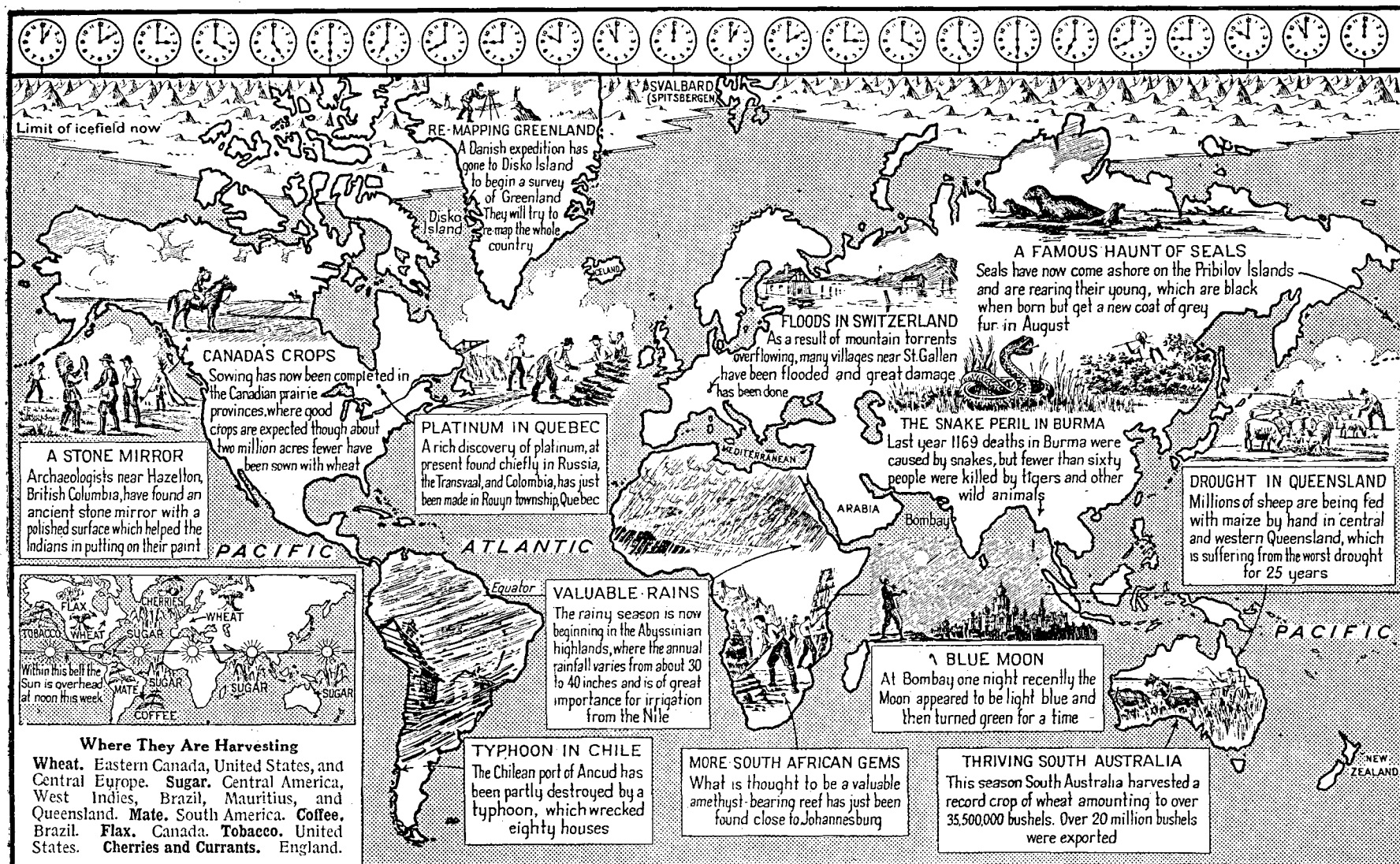
## THE HEAVENS IN JULY

In My Magazine for July, now on sale everywhere, appears a remarkable star chart designed by the C.N. Astronomical Correspondent which shows the positions and distances of the chief constellations.

The chart will be found of great assistance to all who are interested in the study of the heavens.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## A GOLD MEDAL FOR THE NATION

### One More Beautiful Thing for Bloomsbury

#### RICH SOUVENIR OF A PITIFUL EVENT

The study of medals is a fascinating pursuit, and there are doubtless many people who will be interested to know that the British Museum has just acquired a medal of outstanding beauty and importance.

Jacopo da Trezzo, of Milan, was employed to make a medal to commemorate the pitiful marriage of Mary Tudor to Philip of Spain in 1554. Many copies of the medal exist in silver or copper, but the one now acquired by the British Museum is infinitely finer. It is of gold, and experts say it is an original casting, finished by the artist's own hand nearly 400 years ago. It may have belonged to Mary herself, or to the tyrant Philip.

On one side is a magnificent bust of the Queen in a splendid dress, and on the reverse is an allegorical figure typifying the peace and happiness England would enjoy under its new rulers. The Queen, dressed as Peace, is seen protecting her subjects and hurling the weapons of war into the flames. Alas! It really was her subjects whom she sent to the fire.

For historical truth we must turn to the other side of the medal, for the bust of Mary has been described as a masterpiece of portraiture. Trezzo was a very fine artist.

This unique medal was in Mr. Reginald Huth's collection, recently dispersed on his death, and it would probably have left the country if the Goldsmiths' Company had not generously bought it for the nation.

The medal is not only a beautiful thing; it is also a part of history, and its arrival at Bloomsbury will please artists and scholars alike.

## BIRD RACES A MAN The Pigeon and the M.P.

We understand that the pigeons of Pontefract are still talking of the feat accomplished by some of them some weeks ago.

Pigeons do not compete with aeroplanes. One of them preferred not long since to make use of the Bagdad aeroplane and travel as a passenger. But they can still put up a good flight against the railway train and the motor-car, and the Pontefract pigeons can beat the M.P. who represents the town.

They showed how it could be done when Brigadier-General Poole, who is M.P. for Pontefract, released 400 homing pigeons for a flight to their home town from the Yard of the House of Commons.

Off the pigeons circled, and the General, without waiting to see them out of sight, jumped into a taxi and dashed to King's Cross to catch the express to Wakefield. The 11.10 train does the journey in three hours and eight minutes.

When it reached the station the passenger found a car waiting for him and speeded on to Pontefract, where he arrived at 2.47 p.m., one minute behind the first bird. The distance is nearly 200 miles, and the bird had flown it in four hours and eleven minutes.

## A POET GOES HOME National Singer Who Died in Exile

Poland was not a healthy place for patriots last century, so Julius Slowacki, who wanted to sing of his country, left her for Paris when he was only 22.

At 40 he died, and was buried in the city of his adoption, but his countrymen have kept his memory green.

Now, after eighty years, when Poland is free of the foreign yoke once more, Slowacki has gone home. His remains have been exhumed and carried back to Poland for reburial.

## A GIRL MAKES HISTORY In the Line of John Ruskin

A woman has won the Newdigate Prize for the first time in its history. Among the prize-winners of the past were Matthew Arnold and John Ruskin.

The prize is 121 years old; it was founded by Sir Roger Newdigate, and it is worth £21 a year. A subject is given, and the prize goes to the best English poem written on that subject by an undergraduate of Oxford.

This year's winner, a record-maker, is Gertrude Trevelyan of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. She has been at Oxford only a year.

When Sir Roger founded his prize, a year after Trafalgar, at a time when ladies had poke bonnets and tiny waists and fainting fits, how little he could have dreamed that a woman would ever be an undergraduate of Oxford!

## ANNIE BURROWS TO THE RESCUE

A big boy of 15 took two little friends of five and six for a row at Southend the other day.

In trying to avoid the jetty he fell overboard, and the little ones' panic capsized the boat. Rescuers hurried to them, but the youngest boy was only found after Sergeant Smith, R.G.A., had dived many times, and he was then dead.

The six-year-old boy, Ronald Cooper, was also brought ashore in an unconscious state. But luckily there was a Girl Guide there, Annie Burrows, and she used artificial respiration until the boy revived. The eldest boy had swum safely ashore.

At the inquest the coroner praised Annie Burrows for saving Ronald Cooper's life. But for her there would have been two little bodies instead of one.

Sometimes first-aid seems rather dull, but the story of Annie Burrows makes it seem worth while.

Probably the greatest believer in the Girl Guide Movement today is the mother of Ronald Cooper.

## CANADA LIGHTS UP Chain of Fire Across the Dominion

### BEACONS FOR DOMINION DAY

Canada keeps her birthday on the first day of July, calling it Dominion Day.

This is the Diamond Jubilee of her Dominion Days, for it is sixty years since the Confederation of Canada was thus united, to become the first and oldest of the British Dominions Overseas. Our Lady of the Snows, as Mr. Kipling once called her when she was younger (much to her annoyance because it seems a rather unfair description), will celebrate the occasion by wearing a chaplet of fire about her brows.

In other words, one of the most dazzling ways of celebrating the 60th Dominion Day is to be the lighting of a chain of ten thousand beacon fires from Cape Breton Island to Vancouver. The flaming torch will thus be carried from Halifax to Quebec, to Montreal, and Ottawa, to Winnipeg, Regina, and Calgary; and to a thousand places more where men are wrestling with the wilderness, and wrestling wheatlands from the soil with which to feed the ever-growing needs of the world.

The beacons will gleam on lakes and rivers and shine high over endless forests. They will be lighted by farmers or trappers, and little towns which in England we hardly hear of or know only because their names are part of our island story of adventure—Sault Sainte Marie, Portage la Prairie, Moosejaw, and Saskatoon, Medicine Hat, Red Deer, and Mount Murchison, all will have fires with which to light the night of Dominion Day.

Scores of these places set far in the wilderness spaces will count the strokes of the Big Ben of Canada, which has been set up in the House of Parliament at Ottawa and will send out its message by wireless as a prelude to the broadcast recital of bell tunes on the new carillon which has also been installed there.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 2 1927

## Boys and Girls Come Out to Play

CAN you hear the children laughing, O my brothers? we can almost hear Mrs. Brownings say as we read of the splendid movement for more Playing Fields. The Prince of Wales started it, the King gave two paddocks, the Carnegie Trustees have given two hundred thousand pounds. *Soon our children will have somewhere to play.* It will be fine.

When the small boy on roller skates, or on one roller skate, comes charging down the street into the ratepayer the worthy citizen is annoyed. He asks why those children cannot go and play elsewhere; they ought to be in bed.

But let him not be so impatient; *they have nowhere else to play.* If all the street boys and girls were formed into fours and marched to the nearest playing field it would take hours for them to pass the gates, even though the field were just round the corner. When they got in there would be no room to play.

It seems hardly possible, but it is true. There are the parks, blessed places! and what the children of the big towns would do without them nobody knows. But they are a long way from some of the stuffy streets where children seem to be the chief product; and there is a rule that boys and girls may not play in them after they are fourteen! Everyone nowadays wants places to play in, and so the children of fourteen fall between two stools. The boys who are passing out of school go back to the streets. The girls take up the pastime of pushing the pram.

Good Mr. Wall, who gave £20,000 the other day for playing fields, made a great point of the needs of girls as well as of boys. It is bad enough that boys should be pushed back into loafing and lounging just at the age when games are most wanted to develop in them the qualities of fair play and good feeling that English people value so highly, and that were never more needed than now. These boys will be, or should be, the voters and workers of the next ten years. Give them the chance of healthy bodies in which to grow healthy minds.

But there are the growing girls who will be the props of the next generation. They must be healthy props if Old England is to be England still; and we are glad the girls are being remembered in this great movement.

Plenty of people see this. The Playing Fields Society and the National Association have done much, and the whole nation should rally round them, and with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together should give every boy and girl a place in the sun. It is National Health Insurance.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world.



## The Shortest of All

SOMEBODY has asked for the shortest poem in the world. An Oxonian declares that it is Strickland Gillian's Lines on the Antiquity of Microbes:

Adam  
Had 'em.

Certainly the poet has said a great deal in very few words, but he has spoiled one word and he has not written the shortest poem in any case, for George MacDonald beats it by a short head, that is to say, by two syllables. His lyric is:

Come  
Home.

## A Word for Canute

WHEN Sir Oliver Lodge said the other day that we ought never to be so foolish as to declare that science will never do this or that we felt we must congratulate him on his open mind.

But when he went on to add that the people who did say such things were like Canute, "who tried to limit the advance of the tide by telling it that it must come thus far and no farther," we thought Sir Oliver a poor historian.

For Canute had never such an idea in his head, and he ill deserves the contempt that is too often poured upon him. It was his courtiers who thought to flatter him by pretending that he could thus rule the waves; and it was to rebuke their folly that Canute ordered his stool to be set on the beach while he sat waiting for the waves.

What he then said is not recorded. We think he said nothing, but waited with a scornful smile for the courtiers to do the talking.

## An Insect Goes a Little Too Far

TWO distinguished electrical experts have had an alarming experience at the Zoo.

They have been working continuously testing the electric apparatus in the new reptile house, and one night they heard ominous sounds coming from some rockwork. Although they are not naturalists, they felt sure it was the dread noise made by a rattlesnake. They pluckily went on working, but kept a good look-out for the snake, and reported the matter next day.

The Curator assured them no snake had escaped, but asked them to ring up his house if the noise was heard again.

Next night the telephone bell rang, and the Curator was told that the rattlesnake was once more announcing his presence. The Curator dashed to the scene, and found that the sound was made by—a cricket!

We yield to none in our respect for the Insect Kingdom, but it seems to us that for an insect to pull the legs of two distinguished men is really going a little too far. It does not seem cricket, as Peter Puck says.

## Marconi's Twenty Minutes

SENATOR MARCONI'S bride arrived twenty minutes late for the wedding in Rome.

We have no doubt Marconi, the great master of time, used his minutes well. We have calculated that it would be long enough for him to go round the world ten thousand times!

## Tip-Cat

A LYONS' girl has scored 112 runs in a cricket match. Not often such a hit is made by a miss.

A JAZZ musician swam across a twenty-mile lake in America. Nobody could catch him.

CUSTOMERS, according to a shopkeeper, are much the same as they were fifty years ago. Time he got some new ones.

HERRINGS without tails have been caught off Plymouth. Though never lost before, their tails have always been left behind them.

THE Navy is to have a museum of its own. Where we can go when

we want to see specimens of the ancient mariner smoking his seaweed.

THERE is said to be a fish that washes its young. Probably in tidal basins.

PEDESTRIANS have, it is said, their rights on the road. And, more often, their wrongs.

TALKING of health, a singer advises us all to Sing and

be Safe. He would not say that if he had heard some who have already been among the also rans.

A KINEMA has been opened in Minnesota two hundred feet below the ground. Looks as if the films were beginning to go under.

SIR ABE BAILEY objects to girls in business houses. The Turks object to them in Paradise, so where are they to go?

## From Everyone to Everyone

If I knew you, and you knew me,  
And both of us could clearly see,  
I'm sure that we would differ less,  
And clasp our hands in friendliness:  
If I knew you, and you knew me.

In men whom men pronounce as ill  
I find so much of goodness still,  
In men whom men pronounce divine  
I find so much of sin and blot,  
I hesitate to draw the line  
Between the two when God has not.

Joaquin Miller

## Making Bad Times Good

We often hear it said that these are bad times, but if everyone were to become good the times would be good too.

St. Augustine

## The Song of the Bottle Throwers

By Our Country Girl

OPEN out your lungs and throttles,  
Sing a song of broken bottles;  
Let it go!

Glass was made for man to shatter  
With a jolly clash and clatter.  
Dangerous? It doesn't matter!  
Have a throw!

Where the dewy wild flowers  
glitter  
There we come and leave our  
litter,  
You shall find it when you pass,  
Broken bottles in the grass.

Where the summer waves are  
splashing  
There we, too, go bottle smashing;  
You shall know it when you stand  
Barefoot on the yellow sand.

British folk are fond of horses,  
So we swarm at all the courses;  
We're the people jockeys blame  
When a valued horse goes lame.

Open out your lungs and throttles,  
Sing a song of broken bottles;  
Do your share!

If a child gets cut—well, let it!  
If no doctor's near to vet, it  
Lockjaw probably will get it:  
We don't care!

In our happy band of brothers  
No one ever thinks of others,  
Nay—a boaster once let fall  
That we never think at all.

Scenes that set the poets thinking  
Are to us just sites for drinking;  
People wonder why we roam  
(Why not stay and drink at home?).

Devon's moor or Lakeland's glory,  
Castles rich in England's story  
Do not touch our hearts, and so  
People wonder why we go.

Why in all the famous places  
Should you find our cheery traces,  
Dirty paper, broken glass?  
Don't you know, dear silly ass?

Open out your lungs and throttles,  
Sing a song of broken bottles;  
Make things hum!

Every place we touch defiling,  
Every decent person riling,  
Noisy, soulless, fat, and smiling,  
Here we come!

## Trade and War

WE are glad to see a well-known trade paper protesting against the misuse of the word War in connection with trade.

It is a much-needed protest, and it is good that it should come from such a source. Competitive trade, it is truly said, is a combat of intelligence, wit, and imagination, in which honourable dealing can alone bring due reward.

That is surely a very different conception from war, the essence of which is to take your enemy at a great disadvantage, to lie as much as suits your purpose, to use superior weapons against inferior ones. To confuse the idea of war with trade is not only wrong, but harmful. Trade is a good thing, and quite proper; war is a bad thing, and quite senseless.



## BANKS GIVE UP THEIR RICHES REMARKABLE SACRIFICE IN JAPAN

The Old Spirit That Made the  
Nation Great

### VIRTUE FROM CALAMITY

Fires, storms, and earthquakes in Japan have been followed there by the most serious of financial crises, in which banks have had to close and Cabinets have fallen.

But there is better news than that from this great country, for the calamities have called forth another of those remarkable sacrifices for which the Japanese may be said to be uniquely distinguished. The presidents of the great banks have decided to sell all the personal property, including their houses, and throw the proceeds into the common pool of funds for the quicker recovery of the banks and the national prosperity.

### A Wonderful Transformation

The Japanese have their critics, but none can deny the quiet, noble heroism of which they are capable in public and private life as well as on the battlefield. No other nation has such a history of sacrifice as these industrious, enterprising people of the Far East. Today they are a First Class Power; sixty years ago they were more insignificant in world-affairs than England was before the Norman Conquest.

They were, by their own choice, shut off from the world. It was a crime for a Japanese to admit Western ideas into his education; and foreign travel for Japanese was so hateful that their ships were built in such a way as to ensure their capsizing if they put out to sea away from the coast.

### What Happened in 1869

For 500 years the Emperor of Japan had been a prisoner-figurehead, and a long line of Shoguns had been the actual rulers. Under the Shogun were great feudal lords, who farmed the revenues, possessed and governed the land, dealt out justice and injustice as they chose, and behaved in the manner of our own feudal lords hundreds of years before.

It was death for a common person to look upon one of these nobles as he passed through the streets. Traders were more despised than cattle; 287,000 descendants of prisoners of war and of executed criminals, and 696,000 people still more degraded, were not allowed to marry or mingle with those outside their own classes.

Then, in a single day in 1869, the last Shogun laid down the power that had been in his family for five centuries; all the great feudal lords surrendered their place and profits to the emperor and begged him to reorganise them and bring them all within the common law of the land.

### Following Precedent

One of the most amazing revolutions in the history of the world happened in a flash, almost without bloodshed; not to overturn a throne, but to give force and reality to one already existing; to sweep away at a stroke an immensely ancient feudal system and a hereditary army, the Samurai, which had been, at its best, the most wonderful army of its kind in the world, despising profit and reward, vowed to duty, chivalry, and honour, though merciless in carrying out its duties.

A comic-opera nation, like that of Gilbert and Sullivan's Mikado, passed away, and a new world force emerged, because men in multitudes could surrender hoarded privileges; because the feudal lord was content to become a plain citizen, equal in civic power with the beggar and outcast now ennobled to citizenship and self-respect.

The merchant princes of present-day Japan are doing a fine thing, but they have very noble precedents to follow.

## WHY ARE THE STORKS LEAVING HOLLAND?

HOLLAND is wondering why the storks are leaving her. A C.N. correspondent in Kenya thinks she knows.

We gave in My Magazine for May an account of the sorrow and bewilderment of the Dutch people at the growing scarcity of their greatly-loved friend with the long legs.

They are perhaps a little hurt as well as mystified, for they have always welcomed the storks on their return from the south each spring, and there is a universal kindness for them. It has been thought that the journey may have grown more dangerous than it used to be, and that increasing numbers have fallen by the way.

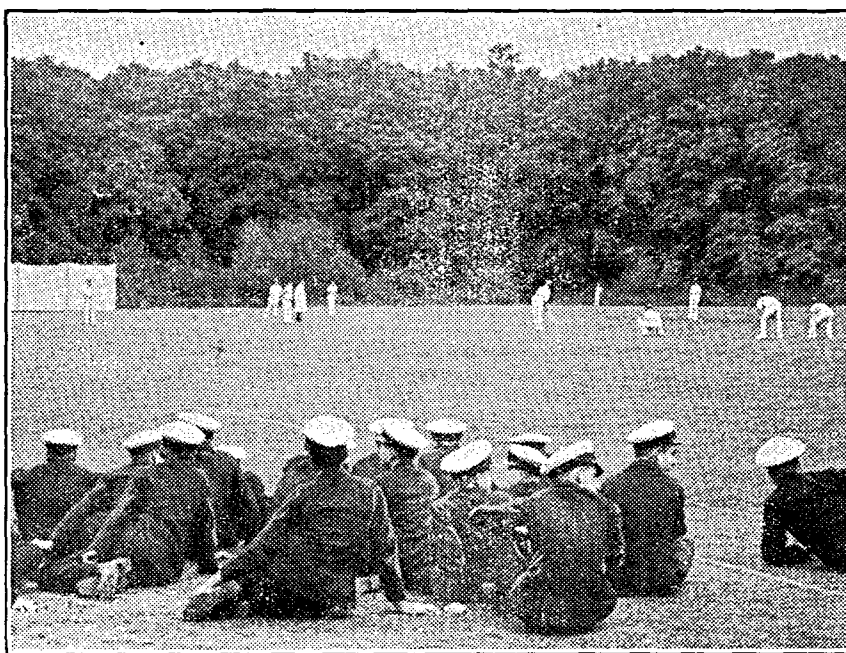
But a lady living in the African highlands of Kenya offers us another explanation. Storks have been steadily growing in number there with the

growing cultivation of maize and wheat. The plough helps them in their search for food, and the climate in these highlands is not unlike that of Europe in summer.

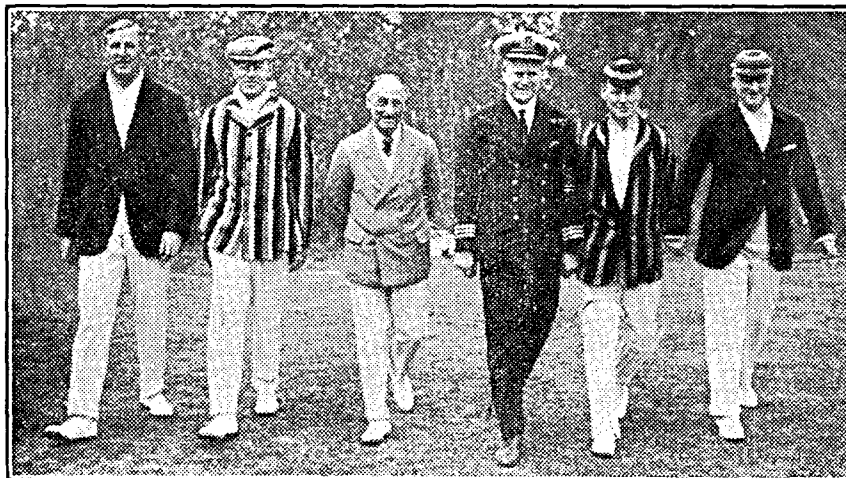
"We wondered if the storks would fail to return to Europe and stay with us (writes our lady friend), and now they have stayed with us. Every day we see them stalking across the ploughed fields in search of the food they love."

Our correspondent is convinced that they are storks from Europe, for six years ago a dead stork was found in this district with a metal ring round its leg showing that it was known in Saxony. It was said then that storks did not, as a rule, travel so far south as the Equator, but, as C.N. readers know, a stork from Hungary was found recently as far south as Bechuanaland, a long way on the other side of the Equator.

## THE ADMIRALS PLAY THE CADETS



Cadets watching the match



Some of the admirals going to inspect the wicket

At the Nautical College at Pangbourne recently Lord Jellicoe captained a team of admirals in a cricket match against the cadets. In the picture above Lord Jellicoe is the shortest figure.

## TRUTH IN PLAIN FIGURES.

THE new taximeters are on their way, and everybody hopes we shall be able to read and understand them. Now that they are being altered it would be well to make it possible for them to tell the passenger plainly what he has to pay.

The present taximeters, hiding at the corner of the window, seem unwilling to disclose their secrets to anyone but the driver. If the passenger screws round to look them in the face they tell him the name of the maker, or will say boldly that they are taximeters, and will print Extras in large letters; but about the correct fare they are coy.

It almost seems as if they had inherited from the past the old cab-driver's unwillingness to say what his fare was,

and his laconic "Leave it to you, sir." The taximeter, without going to that length, inscribes the fare in figures that are very hard to see, especially when they are partially illuminated by the fitful gleam of a small lamp.

But when the new taximeters are fitted we hope they will be placed in such a position that they will tell the truth, the whole truth, and the truth in large letters, so that every passenger can read it and the driver cannot dispute it. It is very strange that so far in this age of marvels nobody seems to have been able to devise a taximeter or a speedometer that can be read without a microscope and an elaborate and painful screwing of the neck.

## WIMBLEDON HERE AGAIN

### YOUTH IN THE ARENA

The Players and the Prospects  
in the Tennis Arena

### LIKE A LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Wimbledon is with us again, with its lawn tennis championships and all their excitements.

This year's Wimbledon is a great one for young people, because it is a very youthful one. There have been great players there who have made their names by hard work and experience. Perhaps the one whom all, young and old, most wanted to see was Mr. Tilden, but even he would not be so interesting if it were not that he was expected to have to play Rene Lacoste, who was a boy at school when Tilden won his first championship.

Of all the others, or nearly all, it is the young players whom everyone is watching with most excitement. Among the men (we had almost said among the boys) are H. W. Austin, who was the boy champion two years ago, H. K. Lester, E. Higgs, and J. G. Gregory, all quite young people.

### Girl Competitors

There are better players, naturally, and perhaps some of these will not go very far this time; but they are learning in the only way how to go farther and fare better. These are the young English. But Henri Cochet and Brugnon of France and Ohta of Japan are young also. What a gathering of the nations it is, with L. Wahid and Prasada from the East, and Kreutzer and Froitzheim and de Kehrling from Germany or Austria, and Timmer from Holland and Mishu from Rumania. We might almost call the meeting a Wimbledon League of Nations.

When we turn from the men to the ladies we are still more surprised to find how many of them are girls. There is Betty Nuthall, who has not left school and is only sixteen. She played for England against France, the first English schoolgirl ever to do so; and when she appears on the Centre Court every eye follows her shots in the hope that they will be winners, and if and when she is beaten she will hear a sigh from about 14,000 people.

### The Possible Winners

But she is not the only youngster. It was only the year before last that Wimbledon was cheering plucky Joan Fry, the girl who got into the Final to meet the great Suzanne Lenglen. Good luck go with her this time.

She will have many other bright companions as young as herself, perhaps younger, or certainly only a little older. There will be Peggy Saunders and Geraldine Sterry (whose mother was a champion), and Joan Ridley and Eileen Bennett, all of England's younger school. Then from Germany comes Fraulein Aussem, still in her teens; and Miss Heine from South Africa, not yet twenty. Katie Bouman from Holland is not much older. Then there is Helen Wills who, though so tall, is only just out of school and is still taking drawing lessons; and Senorita d'Alvarez of Spain, who seems as gay and young as any of them.

We have left unmentioned to the last the one who will carry every English wish that she may keep the championship she so bravely won last year. We are only beginning to recognise her as Mrs. Godfree, for she was longer known as Kitty McKane. Her victory would be popular, but the youngsters are coming on fast, and our hopes go with them.

### INSECTS IN DISGUISE

The latest sets of coloured postcards issued by the Natural History Museum show how harmless or defenceless insects imitate the appearance of those that are better protected, and so escape their many enemies.



## THE BRITISH LINCOLN

### LORD SHAFTESBURY AND WHAT HE DID

#### A New Book on the Work of a Mighty Figure in Our Story

#### THE END OF AN UNHAPPY BOYHOOD

LORD SHAFTESBURY AND SOCIAL PROGRESS. By J. Wesley Bready. Allen and Unwin. 16s.

How was it that the great Lord Shaftesbury, born into riches, showed such a deep understanding of the sorrows and miseries of friendless little children in mines and mills and slums?

It was because he himself, in spite of the wealth around him, spent a sorrowful and miserable and almost friendless childhood, and the story of his wonderful life is told once more in this new volume by Mr. Bready. Little Anthony Ashley Cooper knew nothing of the love of either father or mother. Both parents were absorbed in their own pursuits, and most of the servants in the great house followed the lead thus given them, so that the child knew hunger and cold and neglect in the midst of plenty.

#### The Enemy He Defeated

He was only seven when he was sent to a school at Chiswick to be out of the way, and of that school he gave this painful description in his old age:

"I think I never saw such a wicked school before or since. The place was bad, wicked, filthy; and the treatment was starvation and cruelty. Nothing could have surpassed it for filth, bullying, neglect, and hard treatment of every sort; nor had it in any respect any compensating advantage, except, perhaps, it may have given me an early horror of oppression and cruelty."

All through his fight against the social wrongs of his time Lord Shaftesbury was met by talk of economic laws under which sorrow and suffering came to be the inevitable lot of young and old among the industrial population. He showed by his reforms that these economic laws could be controlled and modified. No economic law required that little Anthony Cooper should suffer as he did; the real enemy then, as in his struggle for others afterwards, was not necessity but sheer callousness, and it was this enemy that he attacked and defeated with such splendid courage and success.

#### Inspired by John Wesley

One friend the child had, but only till he was eight. Maria Millis, an old servant in the household, mothered him and nursed him and instilled in him her own deep faith and that love of the Bible which coloured all his life-work. Mr. Bready in this most valuable book rightly gives the religious revival of John Wesley as the original inspiration of Lord Shaftesbury's life, for Maria Millis was clearly a disciple of Wesley, whether she knew it or not. But, perhaps, Mr. Bready goes too far when he tries to show that the whole social reform movement sprang from Wesley. There were many other causes at work which must not be overlooked.

#### Life-Work of a Hero

The great revival of pity for human suffering of which this movement was a part was world-wide in its scope, and it was influenced by many forms of Christianity and by quite unorthodox people, like Paine and Cobbett and Robert Owen. Mr. Bready has written a careful and accurate record of the life-work of his hero, with a most admirable collection of references to his authorities, of great value to the student; but it is a pity to praise even a great hero too much.

No great work, not even Lord Shaftesbury's almost unique achievement, owes

## LENDING A HAND

### Still Plenty of Work for the Good Samaritan

#### HOW A HARD-PRESSED COUNTRY HELPS ANOTHER

One of the poorest places in London is Southwark, which has had a population of 7000 unemployed for some years.

Yet this poor borough has made itself the friend and protector of a little town in France, and has sent that town £200 in cash and endless gifts of other kinds.

A village in the Pas-de-Calais has been given an entire water supply by the people of Westminster; and the people of Marylebone have sent to another French village "money, clothing, and farm implements, besides giving toys to all the children of the village during the Christmas season." Wandsworth has given £1000 and seeds, tools, boots, underwear, dresses, and other goods to an adopted French village; and Kensington £2000, besides blankets, books, and clothes valued at £1685, to a French village of which the war left not so much as a wall standing.

#### Suggested Great Reunion

These things must mean a better spirit in the world. They are not of those things which come and go, leaving no trace behind them. They are seeds of a future harvest. If the soil in which they are planted is good ground the generations ahead will live with no fear of war in their hearts and with no doubt of civilisation and the power of Christianity in their souls.

We must not blow our own trumpet; but we may be allowed to say that, considering the poverty, suffering, and grim anxiety in England, the English people have not done badly in lending a hand to the rebuilding of the devastated regions in France.

It is suggested that next Armistice Day there should be a great reunion of the adopting English towns and the adopted French villages, either in London or Paris.

## THE PACKHORSE AT THE INN

### And its Successor in the Motor Age

In the old days when a traveller took his meal at a wayside inn the innkeeper was responsible for the safety of his horse or his gig while he ate; and doubtless the same held good of his packhorse in the days before that. What about his motor-car today?

Mr. Justice Swift has decided that when a guest leaves his car where the innkeeper or his servant has told him to put it the innkeeper is as responsible for its safety as he was for the gig in his yard, even if the parking place is outside his premises.

So the Common Law of England persists and adapts itself to changing times and customs.

Continued from the previous column

its success to one single influence in the realm of thought. That is not how God works in this wide world of His.

He has many labourers in many fields, and we must be grateful for them all.

Among them stands out this "emancipator of Industrial England, our British Lincoln," as Mr. Bready regards him with much right and reason. There is much new light on Shaftesbury in this book, some new correspondence never before published, and an emphasis of several aspects of Lord Shaftesbury's character; and there is also a marshalling of facts and witnesses which will be indispensable to any future historian who writes of this remarkable man and his work for the world.

## MORE ABOUT BADGES.

From the Scout A.H.Q.

When a boy first becomes a Scout he is known as a Tenderfoot, because that is the name given to people who try to live in a strange country before they understand how to succeed and keep fit there. So a Tenderfoot is actually a Scout, but what might be called a raw one. It is a stage that has to be gone through in every branch of life.

Before taking the Scout's promise and being enrolled as a Tenderfoot a boy must know the Scout laws, sign, and salute, must know the composition of the Union Jack and the right way to fly it, and must be able to tie seven different useful knots. When he has mastered these things he is enrolled as a Tenderfoot and is entitled to wear the buttonhole badge in the buttonhole of his coat, or in the left pocket buttonhole of his shirt when he is in uniform. When a boy has served for at least a month as a Tenderfoot he may be advanced to the rank of Second Class Scout.

#### A Mile in Twelve Minutes

Besides showing that he is keen by his regular attendance at parades he must also possess further knowledge on various subjects before obtaining his Second Class badge. He must know something about First Aid and about signalling by Morse or semaphore; he must also know the sixteen compass points and be able to follow a track and to go a mile in twelve minutes at regulation Scout's pace.

Now, Scout's pace is a rather interesting point. Scouts are not encouraged to strain themselves by trying which can run the fastest; there is no reward in the Scout Movement for excessive speed. Scout's pace is an easy pace, yet it gets one over the ground quickly enough to warm one up without taking away one's wind. Try it when next you are out for a walk—twenty paces running and then twenty paces walking. At the end of a mile look at your watch and see how near you are to the twelve minutes, and next time increase or decrease your pace until you can tell to a second or two that you are taking twelve minutes to a mile.

#### Cheeriness a Duty

A Second Class Scout must also be able to lay and light a wood fire in the open, using not more than two matches, and he must prove himself able to cook a simple meal out of doors, so that he need not starve, as a Tenderfoot might, or be dependent on others. He must also show that he has the makings of a thrifty citizen by having at least sixpence in the savings bank. Sixpence sounds a small sum to have saved, but it is much easier to add to what is there than to start what is not there.

The badge of a Second Class Scout is worn on the left arm, between the shoulder and the elbow. There are some interesting things about this badge, and one of them is that the scroll of which it is composed turns up at the ends. This is to remind the Scout that it is his duty to have the corners of his mouth turned up in a smile. The Chief's advice to Scouts is: "If your face wants to smile let it; if it doesn't want to make it."

So cheeriness is one of the first duties of a Scout, and every time he sees his Second Class badge he is reminded of it.

## PETER PUCK SOLVES A PROBLEM

Everyone has heard a housekeeper complain that she cannot think of a new dish. There are only beef and mutton, she says. But why does she leave out seaweed?

The Japanese make twelve kinds of food from one branch of the kelp family alone. From another kind they manufacture isinglass, and from a third they make glue.

Peter Puck believes that seaweed might solve the unemployment question as well as the housekeeping problem. Over 600 factories deal with seaweed in one way or another in Japan!

## A CHILD'S BILL OF RIGHTS

### Mr. Hoover's Ideal for America

#### A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY

Mr. Hoover, the American who organised the feeding of starving Europe after the war, has started a great campaign for assuring health and strength to the children of America, and these are the words with which he opens it:

"We should strive that there shall be no child in America that has not been born under proper conditions, that does not live in hygienic surroundings, that does not have prompt medical attention and inspection, that does not receive instruction in the elements of health; that there shall be no child who has not the complete birthright of a sound mind in a sound body and the encouragement to express in fullest measure the spirit within which is the final endowment of every human being."

In the Great War it was found that not 20 per cent of the young men of military age were free from some important defect, and Mr. Hoover attributes the fact to forgetfulness to provide against the effects of America's transformation from a rural to an urban people.

The consumption of milk and dairy produce by the children is in many towns less than one-third of the minimum necessary for their health.

A Bill of Rights for American Children is needed, says Mr. Hoover.

## TEN COMMANDMENTS FROM WESTMINSTER

### Will Westminster See That They Are Kept?

These Ten Commandments of Health were displayed at a hospital exhibition in Westminster the other day.

Thou shalt honour thy neighbourhood and keep it clean.

Remember thy cleaning day, and keep it wholly.

Thou shalt take care of thy rubbish-heap, else thy neighbour will bear witness against thee.

Thou shalt keep in order thy alley, thy back-yard, thy hall, and thy stairway.

Thou shalt not let the wicked fly breed.

Thou shalt not kill thy neighbour by ignoring fire menace or by poisoning the air with rubbish.

Thou shalt not keep the windows closed day or night.

Thou shalt not covet all the air and sunlight thou canst obtain.

Because of the love thou bearest thy children thou shalt provide clean homes for them.

Thou shalt not steal thy children's right to health and happiness.

They are all admirable. We commend them to another place in Westminster, with the suggestion that something might be done about them.

## SOUTH AFRICA'S BIG TELESCOPE

### Measurers of the Stars

For love of an old school friend an American millionaire undertook to endow South Africa with the biggest telescope in the Southern Hemisphere; for the love of science he is continuing the work now that his friend is dead.

Professor W. H. Hussey was on the point of starting for Bloemfontein to set up the telescope when he died; Professor R. A. Rossiter has now been appointed to take it over. The apparatus to be transported weighs 15 tons, and the total cost will be £60,000. Through the new telescope the Moon, actually 238,000 miles away, will appear about 120 miles off.

But the observations so far mapped out will be confined to the measurement of all known double stars and the search for new ones.



## EXPLORERS OF THE SKIES

### New Observers on a Mountain Top

#### HOW LONG WILL THE WELL LAST?

An observatory for measuring the Sun's heat has now been set up on Mount Brukkaros in the midst of the desert in South-West Africa, and observations are already being taken there, although it will be a year before they can be made accurate enough to be of use.

Mount Brukkaros is sixty miles from Keetmanshoop, where the nearest railway is, and it took two teams of twelve oxen each six full days to transport the expedition and its apparatus to the foot of the mountain.

The mountain rises two thousand feet above the plain, and four little donkeys, called burros, had to carry the apparatus to the top. It is not surprising, therefore, that some of the delicate instruments were damaged in transit, and it was a difficult task to repair them with the equipment at hand.

There will be some anxiety for a time about water supply. The nearest village water is seven miles away. The observatory has a well, but its capacity is not known.

## HARNESSING A RIVER

### Changes Coming Over Ireland

It used to be said that Limerick was the only city in Europe in which a bittern, the shyest of birds, could be seen standing on one leg in the middle of the main street in the middle of the day.

Now all that is changed. Four hundred German engineers and electricians and 2000 Irish labourers have invaded its quiet and made it a very different place, as they will make the whole Free State a different place before they have done. They are at work on the great scheme, to cost five million pounds, for generating electric power from the River Shannon.

All over the Irish Free State steel standards are growing up to carry current everywhere. Ireland, dependent for her fuel hitherto on imported oil and coal, must gain enormously from this great new home industry.

## WILL THE PRIME MINISTER SPEAK TO THE WAR OFFICE?

The Government makes great profession of zeal for saving our country-side from disfigurement by advertisements; will it turn its attention to the activities of the recruiting department of the War Office?

What could be more disfiguring than the ugly metal notices it puts up on the trunks of trees in some of our loveliest lanes and byways? The Government would seem to see nothing in a beautiful tree but a convenient advertisement hoarding, for even in St. James's Park, the loveliest corner of London, the Office of Works men nail their notice-boards to the trunks of trees.

## HOW YOU PLAYED THE GAME

And when the last Great Scorer comes To write against your name,  
He'll ask not if you won or lost,  
But how you played the game.

We much regret that these lines, which are often attributed to Sir Henry Newbolt, were wrongly attributed to him in the C.N. not long ago. Many correspondents have asked us for their author, and they are now being sold on illuminated scrolls as Sir Henry Newbolt's; but this is an error. They are by Grantland Rice, a journalist on the New York Tribune.

## ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN ART

### An Artist of Scotland

Henry Raeburn died on July 8, 1823

Sir Henry Raeburn stands apart in the company of great portrait painters of the eighteenth century because he worked independently and avoided imitating any man of his own period. He thought for himself and built up a style of his own, so that almost at a glance his work can be singled out.

This was not easy in a generation when portrait painting was very fashionable, and all rising artists were told they ought to model themselves on either Reynolds or Gainsborough or Romney.

#### His Early Days

Henry was born at Stockbridge, Edinburgh, in 1756. His father, a manufacturer, sent him to school till he was fifteen and then apprenticed him to a goldsmith. The lad took to painting miniatures and water-colours in his spare time, and had the help and advice of a Scottish artist. He cautiously passed on from water-colours to oils, and began painting portraits.

But it was obvious that unless Henry had some technical training he would remain a gifted amateur, and money was scarce.

Fate settled this problem very prettily by marrying Henry off to a delightful little lady who had considerable means. There was a possibility then of Raeburn, at the eleventh hour, learning drawing and composition. He went to London and happened to meet Reynolds. Sir Joshua told him to go to Italy and study Michael Angelo, and in a very generous fashion offered to lend him money if he had need of it. Henry had no need, but he wanted letters of introduction, and these Reynolds supplied.

#### A Great Portrait Painter

For two years the young man worked hard in Rome, and then he returned to Edinburgh, set up as a portrait painter, and for thirty years lived in happiness there, with constant work to do and everybody admiring him and his pictures.

He was the friend of all—a fine character and intensely interested in character, and this makes the strength of his work. Raeburn was born to make pictures of people, of their peculiarities, their weaknesses, strength, laughter, and sadness. His portraits are first a likeness and, then a painting. He worked in a broad, simple way that was unusual at the time. To look at a group of his pictures is to get a fair idea of the Scottish character.

#### The Famous MacNab

From first to last Raeburn was a Scot, painting chiefly his own people. London saw little of him. He was knighted in 1822, when George IV was in Edinburgh. A few months later he was seized with a mysterious illness; he died on July 8, 1823.

Most of Raeburn's work is in private collections and houses north of the Border. Almost a century after his death people began to want to know more about him. A magnificent full-length portrait, the famous MacNab, was sold a few years ago for £25,400.

Another fine full-length figure, that of Nathaniel Spens, is in the Archers' Hall, Edinburgh. There are three Raeburn portraits in the National Gallery.

#### In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A painting by Rubens . . .	£2940
A portrait by Raeburn . . .	£2730
A collection of old keys . . .	£1207
Suit of Nuremberg armour, 1545	£945
A Sheraton bookcase . . .	£798
Set of 1st edition of Scott . . .	£510
1st edition of Schoolboy Lyrics	£420
Two George II silver jugs . . .	£354
Four William III candlesticks	£279
A silver salver of 1745 . . .	£276
Hardy's Dynasts, 1st edition . .	£210
An etching by Muirhead Bone . .	£140

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



### Gathered by

Cologne Aerodrome will deal with 40 air liners a day this summer.

Over 80,000 people visited Shakespeare's birthplace last year and nearly 60,000 Anne Hathaway's cottage.

Fifty-three children were lost and found on Hampstead Heath on the last Bank Holiday.

#### Cheap Fares by Air

Air taxis can now be had at Brooklands for any part of Britain or of Europe at a shilling a mile.

#### The Life-Savers

During this year the London Rover Scouts have given 600 blood transfusions to save life.

#### After Eighteen Years

A lady living at Wem, in Shropshire, has received through the post a wedding-ring she lost 18 years ago.

#### Big Families for Canada

Twelve families with an average of ten persons each were among the 830 British immigrants landed at Quebec the other day.

#### Our National Monuments

The new list of ancient monuments scheduled for preservation contains 400 items, including castles, abbeys, towers, city walls, bridges, forts, and earthworks.

#### No Camels for Blackpool

Forty ponies and 250 donkeys have been licensed for Blackpool sands this summer, but licences for six camels have been refused.

#### More Scouts

The Boy Scouts are still adding to their numbers, which were increased last year by 79,000, Britain alone supplying 15,000.

#### A Chance for Sports Clubs

Two small shopkeepers in East London have offered their ponies free to any sports club for mowing and rolling on condition that a good home for life is assured them.

#### P.C. Doocons

Peter Ducorapanagiotokiriakopololifitopolos was accepted as a member of the Danville Police Force in Illinois on his agreeing to allow himself to be called P.C. Doocons instead.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

#### How is Beethoven Pronounced?

Bayt-hoven, with the stress on the first syllable.

#### What is Crotaline?

The venom of the rattlesnake, which has been recommended in the treatment of phthisis and asthma.

#### Where in Derbyshire is Alabaster Found?

Alabaster, a semi-crystalline form of gypsum, is found at Chellaston and Aston in Derbyshire, as well as in many other parts of England.

#### Who are the Norns?

In Old Norse mythology the Norns are the three Fates, Urdhr, Verdandi, and Skuld, or the Present, Past, and Future. They were descended from the giants.

#### What Does "He Came in at the Hawse-hole" Mean?

It is a naval term meaning he entered the service at the lowest rank. It is through the hawse-hole of a ship that the cable of the anchor runs.

#### What is the Story of the Loin of Beef Being Knighted?

Fuller, the Church historian, states that while dining with the Abbot of Reading Henry VIII jocularly knighted a sirloin of beef. The original spelling was surloin, meaning upon the loin.

#### What are the Geographical and Magnetic Poles?

The ends of the Earth's axis, that is the imaginary line going through its centre from North to South, are called the North and South Geographical Poles. The magnetic poles of the Earth, that is the points toward which the magnetic needle turns, do not exactly correspond with the geographical poles, but vary slightly from time to time. The cause of this is not known.

## WHY THE SUN WAS HIDDEN LENGTH OF THE MOON'S SHADOW

### How a Total Eclipse Might Last for Eight Minutes

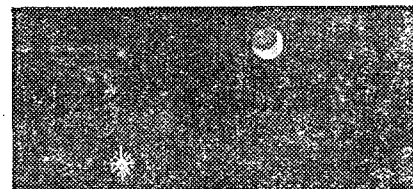
### VENUS SEEN NEAR THE MOON

On July 2 Venus, the splendid planet in the western sky, will be in conjunction with the Moon and only about six times the Moon's width below our satellite, the two together producing a very charming effect.

On Sunday the Earth will be at her farthest from the Sun, 94,450,000 miles away. This is three million miles farther off than she was on January 3, a fact for which we should be very grateful, for had our world been a million miles nearer the Sun the total eclipse of last Wednesday would have been impossible.

The point of the Moon's cone of shadow (shown in last week's C.N.) would then have fallen short of the Earth, the Sun would not have been completely obliterated, and the glories of a total eclipse would have been lost.

When the Moon is at her nearest to the Earth her apparent width is 33½ minutes of arc when observed from the



Venus seen near the Moon

nearest point of the Earth to the Moon; that is, when the Moon is directly overhead. Now, when the Sun is at his farthest, as at present, his apparent width is only 31½ minutes of arc; so if on such an occasion the Moon happened to pass directly in front of the Sun, when at her nearest to the Earth, her much larger disc would cover the Sun for nearly 8 minutes, instead of the 20 seconds or so we had last week.

Moreover, the shadow belt would then be 167 miles wide instead of 30 miles, as in last week's eclipse.

The length of the Moon's shadow cone being in these circumstances about 236,000 miles, its point would extend some 18,000 miles beyond the Earth's surface. In fact, were the Earth transparent the cone of shadow would pass right through it, and for 10,000 miles beyond on the other side. It is, however, only in equatorial regions that a total eclipse can last quite as long as eight minutes, and then only very rarely; five or six minutes is much more usual.

If the Moon had been at her farthest from the Earth's surface and 249,000 miles away, as she will be next Wednesday, and the Sun at his nearest, the length of the Moon's shadow would have been but 228,000 miles, and so would have fallen short of the Earth by about 22,000 miles.

### When a Total Eclipse is Probable

As the Earth is nearest to the Sun in our winter and farthest from him in our summer, total eclipses of the Sun are more likely to occur in the summer half of the year in the Northern Hemisphere. They are, in fact, more probable when the Earth is farther from the Sun, for then the Sun, as already explained, appears smaller, and so the Moon is more likely to be able completely to hide the solar disc.

This she does on an average two out of five times; the remaining three she fails, and then the comparatively uninteresting annular eclipse takes place, when the Sun at greatest phase appears as a ring of brilliant light round the Moon. Such an eclipse occurred on January 3 of this year.

G. F. M.

**Other Worlds.** In the evening Venus and Mars west to north-west, Saturn south. In the morning Jupiter south-east.



# THE RIVER PIRATES

A Tale of Adventure By Herbert Strang

## CHAPTER 27

### A Meeting by the Way

MEANWHILE Lo Fing, waiting by the upturned boat, had grown more and more uneasy as the minutes lengthened into hours. What had become of this mad Englishman who, in spite of all warnings, had insisted on penetrating to the fastness of the dreaded pirates?

"Truly," said the farmer to himself, "he is as ungovernable as a calf without a ring in his nose."

More than once he left the shelter of the boat and looked along the shore of the lake toward the fort, a black mass against the dark sky. Faint sounds came to his ears; not sounds of disturbance or excitement, such as might follow on the discovery of an intruder. But if the Englishman had not entered the fort where was he and what was he doing?

Lo Fing had a high sense of loyalty. Michael Benson was his friend; he felt a certain responsibility for him; and at last, when the Moon had sunk down behind the fort, he could not endure inaction any longer. Comforting himself with the proverb "To die or live is according to fate," he stole along to the cluster of rocks and gazed through the darkness across the water.

At first he saw nothing but the unbroken outline of the wall of the fort. But presently it seemed to him that something was moving on the wall. He held his breath. Was it the venturesome Englishman returning at last?

He lost sight of the dark object. A few moments later there was a splash; the Englishman, if it were he, must have fallen; otherwise he would have entered the water silently. Without hesitation the farmer flung off his coat and plunged into the lake.

Thus it happened that when Michael came to himself after a brief period of unconsciousness he found himself lying on a rocky shelf above the level of the lake and Lo Fing bending over him.

"My estimable friend is not much hurt?" whispered the farmer.

"I don't think so. I slipped and struck my head. You followed me, Mr. Fing?"

"Not at first, but only when my heart began to quail. And it was my good fortune to come just when you fell. I reached you as you were sinking, and hauled you out of the water. But we must get away. Are you able to swim?"

"I must try; you will support me. They did not hear the splash in the fort?"

"I do not think so; there has been no sign. Come!"

Michael, though he had made light of his injuries, was too much shaken to exert himself; he floated with the support of Lo Fing's left arm while with the right the farmer struck out for the shore. They gained the upturned boat and rested there for a few minutes, during which Michael told the farmer what he had discovered in the fort, and that he had promised to come back on the following night with a file.

There was already a hint of dawn in the sky when they set off to return to the launch. They kept a wary eye on their surroundings, knowing that in their wet and bedraggled state they must excite curiosity in anyone who happened to meet them.

Every moment the sky grew lighter, and they walked more quickly as Michael recovered strength. Just as they had passed over the humpbacked bridge across the creek Lo Fing caught sight of a man moving furtively under cover of a low bank between the paddy fields. He was looking over his shoulder in the direction of the joss-house, and apparently had not seen the two who were watching him.

All at once he started to run, and in a minute was out of sight. Michael wondered what the explanation of his movements was. It was soon revealed. In the distance appeared three parties of four or five men each, running at full speed in the direction taken by the fugitive. Soon they also were out of sight.

Lo Fing and Michael had halted in the shadow of a bush to watch this strange and alarming scene.

"Shall we wait or go on?" Michael asked. "They are right in our path."

"It will be as dangerous to stay here as to proceed," said the farmer. "It is growing light; we may be discovered by parties from the fort. Of two dangers choose that which seems the lesser."

They pushed on, scanning still more anxiously the country to right and left of them, every now and then looking back to see if they were pursued. Lo Fing, with daylight to help him, chose a course slightly different from that of the previous night, and it was not long before they came within sight of the joss-house, on the far side of a tract of brushwood and high, coarse grass.

The track wound through the bush, and they were able to see only a few yards ahead of them. But they had come a mile or more since they had seen the pursuing parties, and Lo Fing hoped that by following the more direct course he had escaped any danger, at any rate from them, and he pushed on with confidence.

Then, swinging to the right and skirting a dense clump of brushwood, they came suddenly face to face with a party of half a dozen armed men lying concealed on the farther side. Two of the men were standing a little apart from the rest. They wore Chinese dress, but at the first glance Michael recognised the taller of the two as Mirski; the other was his old schoolfellow Wo Hung.

The meeting was so sudden and unexpected that there was no time to draw back. Lo Fing, who was slightly ahead of Michael, kept steadily on his way, giving the customary salutation to the other party as he passed them. But it was at once clear that this attempt to bluff the situation had failed. Mirski had recognised Michael as soon as Michael had recognised him. Stepping forward between him and Lo Fing, he said blandly:

"Have I the pleasure of again meeting Mr. Benson?"

## CHAPTER 28

### Prisoners

THE Russian spoke with great suavity. His manner was the perfection of politeness, but his eyes glittered with malevolence. Michael guessed that he had not forgotten the punishment he had received from the villagers at the instigation of Ah Sung.

Wo Hung was plainly embarrassed. The features of a Chinese are not carved to express his feelings, and perhaps no one who had not known Wo Hung as a boy would have detected the signs of uneasiness that were obvious to Michael.

"This is a fortunate meeting," Mirski went on. "I should like to avail myself of it to ask you a few questions, Mr. Benson. It is a pity, perhaps, to interrupt a journey that may be of some importance, seeing that you are in Chinese dress; but my questions, as I said, will be few, and I expect direct answers, short and to the point."

"By what right do you question me, Mr. Mirski?" said Michael.

"By the right of the stronger, Mr. Benson."

"That's a right I refuse to recognise, Mr. Mirski."

Mirski smiled crookedly, and stood in front of Michael as he made to pass on.

"Recognise it or not, Mr. Benson, it is quite beyond dispute. At a word from my friend here (he indicated Wo Hung) these worthy men (he indicated the rest of the party) would welcome the opportunity of a little rifle practice on a foreigner—and a spy."

By this time Michael had no doubt that he was in an awkward fix, but he thought less of his own position than of Larry, now eagerly waiting for the long day to pass and the night to come, bringing deliverance. With Mirski, he knew, smooth words would avail nothing; he must keep a stiff back and try the effect of an affectation of assurance.

"I need not remind you, Mr. Mirski," he said, "that piracy and murder are capital offences, even in China."

A scowl darkened Mirski's face.

"Such questions will not interest you much," he snarled, "after a volley from these men. But I waste no more time. Where is your launch?"

"He doesn't know that," thought Michael, with a glow of satisfaction. Aloud he said: "That is no business of yours, and I refuse to tell you."

Mirski swung round and gave a brief order in Chinese to the four men in the background. They lined up, holding their rifles at the slant.

"You see, Mr. Benson," said Mirski; "I will give you three minutes in which to make up your mind not to be a fool. Then—"

At this moment Wo Hung, who had stood a pace or two at the back, stepped to Mirski's side and, taking him by the arm, led him a little distance away, talking to him earnestly. Mirski listened to him with manifest impatience, and was for a time obdurate; but Wo Hung continued to press him, and at last, shrugging his shoulders, he turned back and gave another order to the men. They approached Lo Fing and Michael, placed themselves one on each side of them, and ordered them to march.

It was plainly useless to resist. Thanks to Wo Hung's intervention, at the worst a little time was gained. Between their guards Michael and Lo Fing set off at a sharp walk, Wo Hung and Mirski following.

They passed the joss-house, struck away to the left, and, after walking at a brisk pace for two or three miles, arrived at the village which up to the present Michael had known only by hearsay.

The prisoners were marched to what appeared to be the principal house in the village. Whoever had been its former inhabitant, it was now occupied by Mirski. It stood in a wide enclosure containing

several outhouses. Michael and Lo Fing were thrust into an empty barn; the door was shut, and they heard a heavy bar dropped into its sockets outside.

"This is a bad business, Mr. Fing," said Michael.

"Truly it is, honourable sir," replied the farmer. "Yet we have our lives, and we may eat our rice looking toward the heavens."

"That's your proverb for having a good conscience, isn't it? But rice—I confess I'd like a bucketful; I'm very hungry."

"And I also; but I could remain hungry for a week if I saw a good repast at the end."

"What will they do with us?"

"Who can say? We owe our lives to the younger man; perhaps he may favour us with more benefits."

"He went to school with me," said Michael. "It's amazing to find him connected with pirates. Well, we shall see."

The barn was gloomy; it was lit only by one opening, high up in the wall. The footsteps of guards were heard patrolling outside.

"There's nothing for us to do here," said Michael, "and I propose to go to sleep. I'm tired enough."

And, in fact, when, some hours later, the bar was removed and the door opened the prisoners were both roused from a heavy sleep.

Wo Hung entered the room.

"I say, Benson, I'm sorry, and all that," he said, "but really—just tell where that launch of yours is. It'll be best for you, you know."

"What your game is, Wo Hung, I cannot guess," replied Michael, "but my launch is no concern of your Russian friend, and I won't tell you or him. What have you to do with that fellow?"

"I'm sorry I can't tell you; really I am. But I feel friendly to you, an old schoolfellow and all, and I've only come to be of use to you. I assure you I'd do loads of things for you if I could, but duty, you know—must do my duty, and so all I can do for you is to give you good advice."

"Very good of you. As a matter of fact, I suppose we two do owe our lives to your stepping in at a critical moment, and we're both obliged to you."

"Oh, that's nothing! Do anything for an old schoolfellow. Good advice of mine that, you know; tell me where your launch is; simple matter."

"Yes, it's simple, but I'm not going to tell you. You must take that as final."

"Oh, well, if you will be obstinate! A pity, you know. Much better take my advice. I know what's best for you. But if you won't—I say, have you had any fodder?"

"Not a mouthful."

"That won't do! Can't live without eating, you know. I'll send something in."

He went away. Soon afterwards a couple of men entered, carrying a number of dishes and chopsticks. What the dishes contained Michael did not ask; he was so hungry that he was ready to eat anything in faith, and he did his best to imitate Lo Fing's manipulation of the chopsticks.

Some hours later (Michael's watch had stopped, and he could only guess that it was well on in the afternoon) they heard shouts outside, and a clamour as of a considerable number of men moving about the place.

The door was thrown open. A big, truculent-looking Chinese, accompanied by a dozen or more well-armed followers of equally ruffianly aspect, stood at the entrance, and called on the prisoners to come with him. Nothing loth to leave their dreary, uninteresting quarters, they rose, and were led by their guards across the enclosure and into a room in Mirski's house.

The door was slammed behind them; their guards remained outside. Within the room, lolling on a couch, alone, they saw the formidable figure of the pirate chief, Ming Wang Tang.

TO BE CONTINUED

## Five-Minute Story

### The Charmer

CAROLA was left in charge of her little brother in her parents' bungalow. She was seventeen, freshly come from an English school to the Indian hill-station.

John, her brother, was five. He was very precious, as for ever so long she had feared she was going to be the only child.

Everything was very still; her father and mother had gone to lunch with friends, the native servants were at a village festival.

Carola was at the piano in the drawing-room, singing in a sweet little voice that fluted like a bullfinch's, when suddenly a feeling assailed her that all was not well with the small brother whom she had left soundly asleep. She left the song unfinished and tiptoed to his room.

All was quiet within. John was sleeping, flushed and rosy, in his little bed, the mosquito curtains being drawn, as it was day.

But there was a strange, musky smell in the room; and what had the ayah left lying on the bed, stretching its length like a cable of old carved ivory?

John stirred in his sleep, and the rope put up a hooded head.

In a nightmare trance Carola stood by the door, not knowing what to do. Half consciously she began to croon the cradle song she had been singing, and the boy settled down again.

But the cobra was attracted by the music. With a dry rustling of his scales he poured himself down from the bed and came toward Carola.

She had saved her brother; it was for herself she had now to fear. Once more she began to sing, and the snake paused, weaving its reared head to and fro. Backward she stepped, and the serpent followed. They were on the verandah. Carola knew that if she stopped singing it would strike. How to call for help? The bungalow was empty.

Louder and louder she sang, but changed the words of her song to the few scraps of Hindustani which she knew.

"Nag, nag! Snake, snake! Come quickly or I die!"

There was the shuffling of sandalled feet behind her; other music joined her song, the wheedling melody of the pipes.

"Stand aside, missy sahib!" said the snake charmer. "Let old Ali deal with the nag."

Brushing past her, he squatted on his heels before the verandah, playing his pipes while the cobra marked time, swaying to and fro. Presently the charmer ceased playing. He advanced a skinny brown hand, holding a doubled-up cloth, toward the serpent.

Swift as an arrow the cobra struck, and bit deep into the folds of the cloth.

Ali gave the towel a dexterous twist and pull, and the poison-fangs were drawn.

"Join thy brethren in the basket," said the charmer, picking up the cobra and popping it inside his big pannier. "Thou art too fine a nag to slay."



## The Jolliest COLOURED Paper for Children!

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July 2, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

11



# The Happy Hours Glide Quickly By



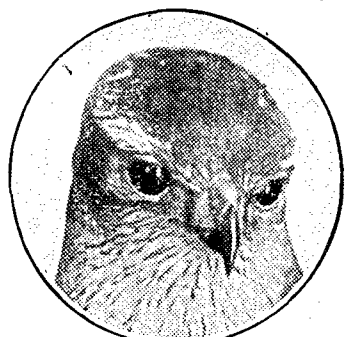
## THE BRAN TUB

### Head and Tail

MY whole, what sweetness I exhale!  
Beheaded, numbers use me;  
Put on my head and take my tail,  
To dress but few refuse me.

Answer next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Goshawk

Although rare in Britain, the Goshawk is abundant in Germany and many parts of the Continent. Being of a large size (from 18 to 26 inches long), it is a formidable enemy to hares, rabbits, and partridges. It will watch patiently till its prey comes into sight, then skim along the ground with rapid flight. The nest, which may contain three or four eggs, is usually built in a lofty tree on the edge of a wood or forest.

### A Puzzle in Rhyme

MY first is in lighthouse but not in lamp,  
My second's in letter but not in stamp,  
My third is in hammer but not in awl,  
My fourth is in creeping but not in crawl,  
My fifth is in heavy but not in light,  
My sixth is in power but not in might,  
My seventh's in medal but not in prize,  
My eighth is in witty but not in wise,  
My ninth is in burrow but not in dig,  
My tenth is in carriage but not in gig,  
My eleventh's in kernel but not in grain,  
My whole though you take it will still remain.

Answer next week

### Ici on Parle Français



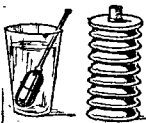
Le chapeau Le livre La bouteille  
Ce genre de chapeau est bien démodé  
Ce livre est ouvert à la page trente  
Il ne reste qu'une seule bouteille

### Things Just Patented

We have no further information about the new patents which are illustrated here.

**A Steerable Parachute.** Parachutists are usually entirely at the mercy of the wind, but here is a new device with which a course to the right or left of the direction of the wind can be taken. The central portion only has the usual umbrella shape of the parachute, and round the edge of this is a lobe-shaped addition. Two sections of this portion are fitted with control cords which enable them to be deflated at will by the airman as he wishes to alter his course.

**Refrigerators for Tumblers.** Iced drinks are very refreshing in hot weather, but many people object to having loose, floating pieces of ice in the tumbler. These refrigerators overcome this difficulty. Each type shown here is fitted with a filling tube which allows the vessel to be only partly filled with liquid, thus allowing for expansion when it is frozen. Then if the refrigerator is placed in the glass, as shown, its coolness is soon imparted to the drink. The second type is used for cooling larger quantities of liquid, the corrugations presenting a greater cooling surface.



### Next Week's Nature Calendar

YOUNG jays, yellow-hammers, and partridges are now fledged. Hen harriers hatch out. The tree-pipit lays a second time. The songs of the chaffinch and lesser white-throat cease. Young frogs come on land. Young broods of the common lizard appear. The elephant hawk, ghost, wood, and lapet moths and the ringlet butterfly appear. The Midsummer dor and shore beetles are seen. The glow-worm shines. Among plants coming into blossom are corn sow thistle, field larkspur, great knapweed, tufted vetch, St. John's wort, dark mullein, hemlock, burnet-saxifrage, flowering rush, moneywort, yellow bedstraw, creeping and dwarf thistles, everlasting pea, great bindweed, marjoram, white jasmine, and catmint.

Looking South  
10 p.m., July 6

### A Canberra Stamp

THOSE of us who get letters from Australia may now expect to see on them a stamp quite different from the familiar kangaroo stamp and the one with the King's head.

The Commonwealth has just issued a fine three half-penny stamp, which we show here, commemorating the



opening of the Parliament House at Canberra by the Duke and Duchess of York.

The design shows the new Parliament House and a woman emblematic of Australia.

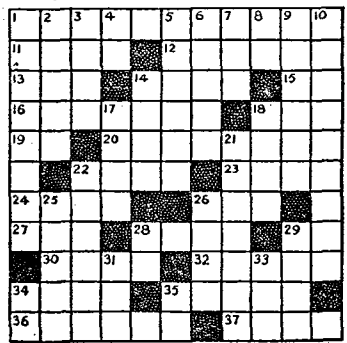
### Word Changing

AN article of daily use to aid  
Most cheerfully the mistress  
and the maid;  
Behead, curtail, transpose with  
greatest care;  
Look on the hearthrug, you will find  
me there.

Answer next week

### Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 46 words or abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. The clues are given below, and the answers will appear next week.



**Reading Across.** 1. The science of coins and medals. 11. A burden. 12. Not forming an angle. 13. Force (Latin). 14. A small shed. 15. Virginia (abbrev.). 16. Everlasting. 17. A metal fastener. 18. First person singular. 19. The theory dealing with the treatment of a healthy race. 20. A young attendant. 21. Likewise. 22. A nobleman. 23. Nothing. 24. A little. 25. To bubble by the action of heat. 26. Or the age of (abbrev.). 27. To advise. 28. Jumps. 29. Well-known volcano. 30. English county (abbrev.). 31. A plaited cord on the yard of a ship. 32. To look for.

**Reading Down.** 1. An autumn month. 2. To join forces. 3. To ponder. 4. Exists. 5. To administer. 6. Nimble. 7. The summit. 8. Within. 9. The science of the rights and duties of citizens. 10. Climbing birds. 11. Cosy. 12. Actual. 13. A little ball of medicine. 14. Makers of nails. 15. Trims with the beak. 16. The great artery. 17. Historic river. 18. Exist. 19. Part of a church. 20. Dakota (abbrev.). 21. Devoured. 22. For example (abbrev.). 23. Wireless term (abbrev.).

## Jacko in Luck's Way

ONE morning Jacko had a long talk with old Mrs. Jones, the flower-woman. He started the conversation by asking her all about her business and how it paid.

"Well, it's all right at this time of the year," said Mrs. Jones, "though it's not always easy to keep the flowers fresh on a hot day. But very often I sell out quite early, and then it's very paying indeed."

It certainly must be, thought Jacko, especially if you didn't have to buy the flowers in the first place. And he ran off home at once to have a look round the garden.

As it happened, Mrs. Jacko's roses were just at their best. There were some lovely sweet peas, too, and quite a lot of pansies and geraniums. Altogether Jacko was very pleased with what he saw.

What he saw put an idea into his head, which he thought might be helpful in making an extra bit of pocket-money.

Early the next morning he crept out into the garden and picked all the flowers he could find. He made them up into one big bunch and ran out into the street.

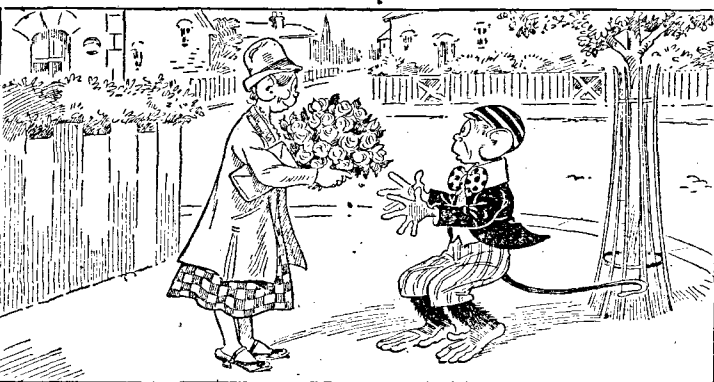
But it was very difficult to find customers at that hour of the morning, and Jacko didn't have any luck. When ten o'clock came he hadn't sold a single flower.

Suddenly a lady hurried toward him and snatched the bunch out of his hands.

"How did you know it was my birthday?" she exclaimed. "It is good of your mother to send me such lovely flowers."

And there was Aunt Matilda, fairly beaming at him, and hugging the flowers so tightly that Jacko knew there wasn't much chance of getting them back again!

"You've made a mistake, Aunt," he began lamely; "the flowers aren't for you."



"How did you know it was my birthday?" she exclaimed

But his aunt was so deaf that she didn't hear what he said.

"Very kind of your mother," she kept on repeating, and at last Jacko gave it up and dismally went home.

"Now for it!" he said, as he opened the garden gate.

Of course, Mrs. Jacko was furious about the flowers.

"What have you done with them?" she asked Jacko. "It's too bad of you, especially today, when I wanted a nice bunch to send Aunt Matilda for her birthday."

She knew quite well that nobody but Jacko would dare to touch them.

At that very moment in walked Aunt Matilda herself.

"I had to come round to thank you for those lovely flowers," she told Mrs. Jacko. "The dear boy got them to me quite safely."

Mrs. Jacko looked so relieved that the young rascal took the opportunity of slipping out.

"Saved again!" he muttered, as he snatched an apple from the sideboard, and disappeared.

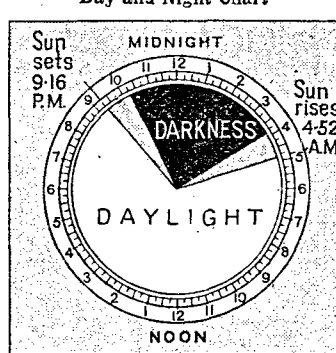
### How the Dahlia Got Its Name

THE dahlia, of which there is an infinite variety in shape, colour, and size, is a native of Mexico. It was first brought from that country to Europe in 1784 by Andrew Dahl, the Swedish botanist, and was named after him. The dahlia was brought to England about the beginning of the nineteenth century, and was first cultivated in the French garden at Holland House, Kensington.

### Is Your Name Floyd?

THE name Floyd is a corruption of Lloyd, due to the inability of the English to pronounce the guttural represented by the Welsh double L. Lloyd is a Welsh adjectival nickname, meaning grey. So the first Floyd, like the first Lloyd, was a person of grey aspect.

### Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

## Dr. MERRYMAN

### No More Eggs

NELLIE had a hen of her own, which she tended with the greatest care. One day, going to see if an egg had been laid, she found a broken nest-egg.

"Oh, Mother, what a pity!" she cried. "My hen will never be able to lay an egg again. She's broken the pattern!"

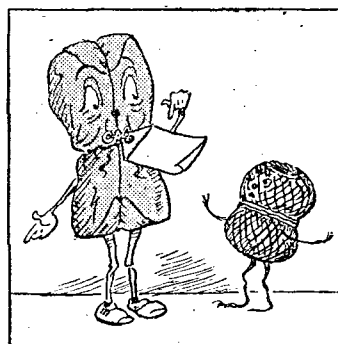
### Willing to Learn

KIND OLD LADY: Come, come, my little man, you mustn't cry like that!

Small Boy (with sudden interest): How am I to cry, then?

WHAT single word will ask the question "Have I the ability?"  
Am-I-able.

### Come-Alive Characters



### Missing the Post

The Ball of String:  
I've tied you up all tight and trim,  
So now don't lose a second.  
That you will only just have time  
To catch the post I've reckoned.

The Parcel:  
In that case where's the Fountain Pen?  
His careless ways distress me.  
You surely notice that he's quite  
Forgotten to address me!

### Not the Same Thing

You poor little boy! Have you lost yourself?  
No, boo-hoo, I haven't! I've found a street I don't know!

### Shanty Clear

Or, The Song of the Crow's Nest  
O how selfish are the shellfish when they gobble up the sand!  
O how dwarfish are the crawfish when they sit and twit the land!  
But I much admire the salmon  
When it turns its back on Mammon,  
And bubbles to the rivers and the streams before it's canned.  
"What a slim pet is the limpet when you hold its little hand!"  
If the wrinkle would not crinkle when it strikes the lobster's trail,  
And the whiting ceased from biting at its frisky whiskered tail,  
I am sure the lordly bloater  
Would not whistle for a motor  
As it hurries by the flurries of the pale, perspiring whale,  
With its accident insurance and its little spade and pail.

### Father and Son

A FATHER is forty-five and has a son aged twelve. When will the father be three times as old as his son?  
Answer next week

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Word Square What Am I?  
BANG Coastguard  
AREA  
NEST Reversed Word  
GATE Snug, guns.

### Changeling

Blow, blot, boot, bolt, bole, bale, gale.

### A Picture Puzzle

RHomboid, ROD, wood, fENCE, DRill, TON—rhododendron.

### Who Was He?

The Benefactor to All Mankind was Dr. Jenner.



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

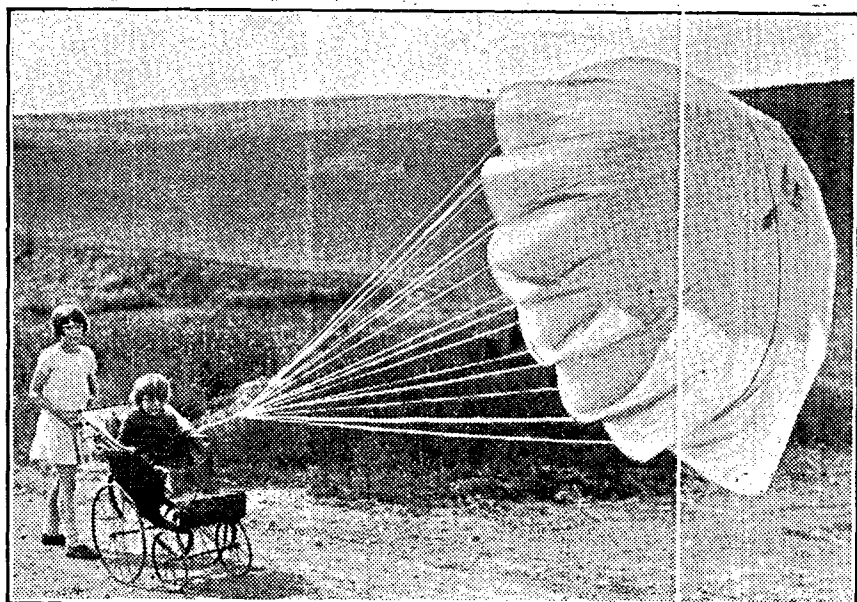
# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

July 2, 1927

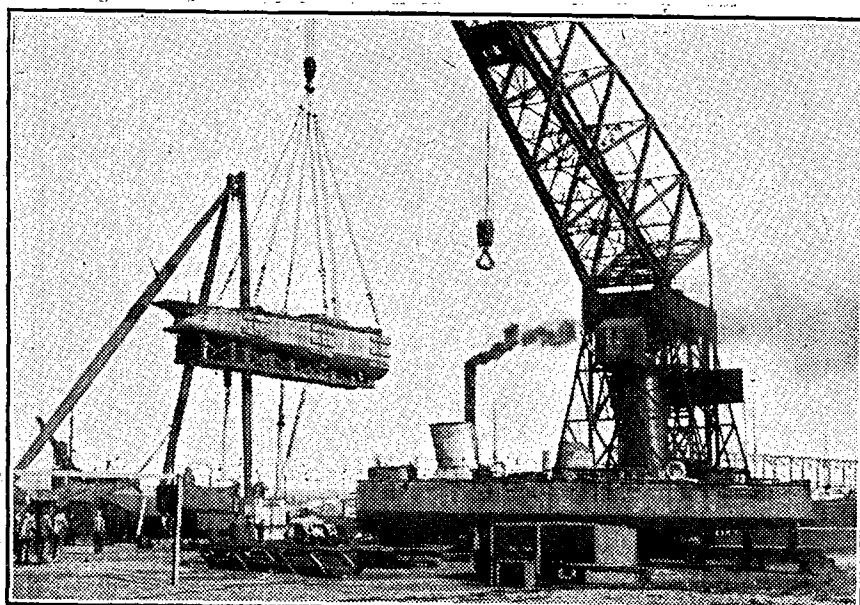
Every Thursday, 2d.

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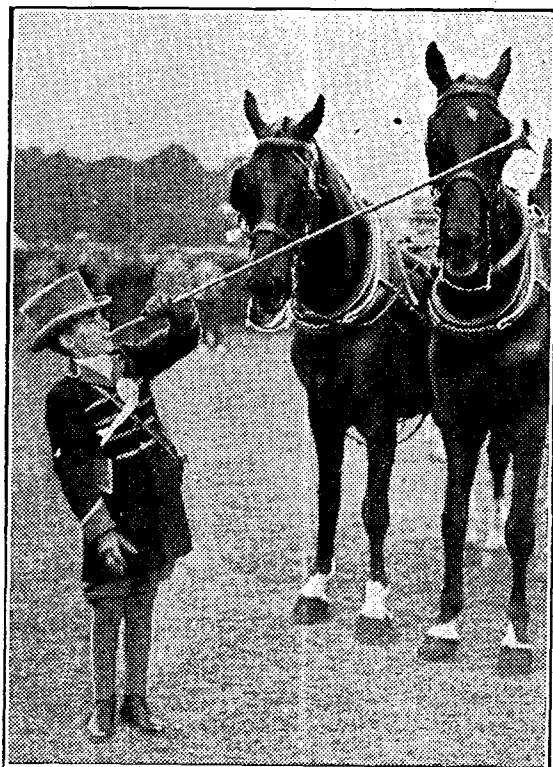
## FIRST TURBINE SHIP • LIFTING AN ELEPHANT • MUSICAL RIDE IN THE AIR



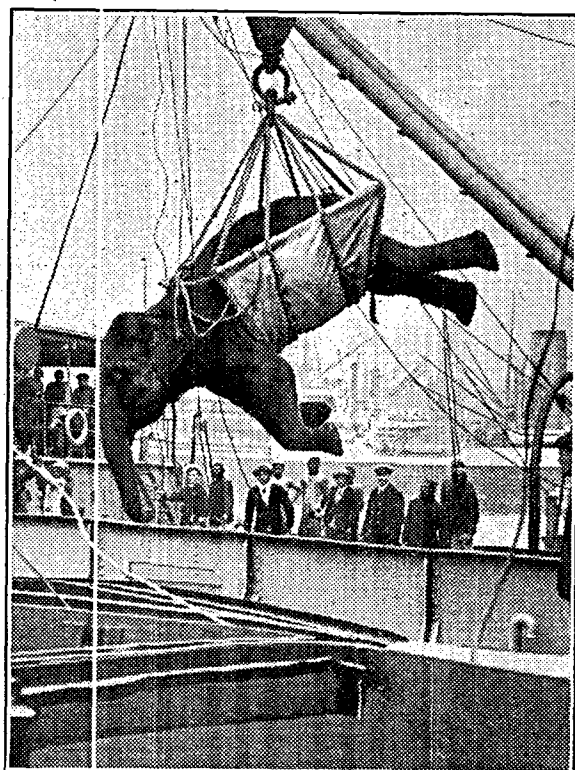
**Parachute for a Perambulator**—The child in this picture is thoroughly enjoying a ride over the Downs near Brighton, for the wind is pulling his perambulator by means of a parachute. The girl has only to walk behind and guide the perambulator safely up and down the slopes.



**First Turbine Ship**—Sir Charles Parsons has presented to South Kensington Museum 'the ship in which he first tested his invention of the turbine in 1894. Here we see the engine part of the Turbinia being hoisted by a crane for removal from the Tyne to the museum.



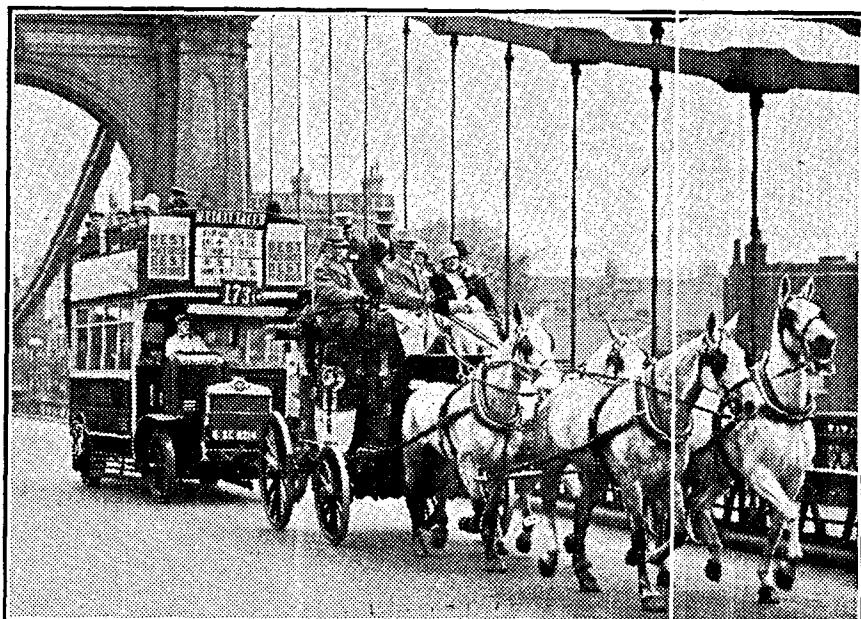
**A Champion at Thirteen**—Though he is only thirteen Clifford Dewdney won the horn-blowing contest at Richmond Horse Show. He is here seen dressed as a stage-coachman.



**Lifting an Elephant**—This elephant is being transhipped at Middlesbrough on its way from India to the London Zoo. It struggled so much that it shifted in the sling.



**A Musical Ride in the Air**—A new feature of the Air Force Pageant will be a musical flight. The pilots will hear the band by wireless and move in time with the music. Here is a rehearsal.



**Old and New Ways of Travelling**—This picture shows one of the competitors in the annual Coaching Marathon from Hyde Park to Richmond. Behind is an up-to-date London bus.



**Lamb as a Pet**—An Ashford boy is the owner of a pet lamb which follows him about like a dog. This picture shows the lamb waiting while the boy and his sister look at a shop window.

## THE LIVING WORLD NO MAN HAD SEEN—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR JULY

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